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THE RINGS OF SATURN.

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THE rings which encircle the planet Saturn, may be considered as among the most grand and wonderful phenomena of the universe. This phenomenon was first perceived by Galileo, in the year 1610, soon after the invention of the telescope; but its real nature was not at first apprehended. He imagined that Saturn was 'in the shape of an olive,' and that this planet consisted of two small globes attached to a larger one; one of these globes being placed on one side, and another upon the other side. In the above year, he published his discovery, in a Latin sentence, the meaning of which was, that he had seen Saturn appearing *with three bodies*. After viewing the planet in this form for two years, he was surprised to see it become quite round, without its adjoining globes, and to remain in this state for some time; and, after a considerable period, to appear again in its triple form, as before. This deception was owing to the want of magnifying power in the telescope used by Galileo. For the first telescope constructed by this astronomer, magnified the diameters of objects only three times; his second improved telescope magnified only eight times; and the best telescope which, at that time, he found himself capable of constructing, magnified little more than *thirty times*; and with this telescope he made most of his discoveries. But a telescope of this power is not sufficient to show the opening, or dark space, between the ring and Saturn, on each side of the planet; and, at the time it appeared divested of its two appendages, the thin and dark edge of the ring must have been in a line between his eye and the body of Saturn — which phenomenon happens once every fifteen years. About forty years after this period, the celebrated Huygens greatly improved the art of grinding object-glasses; and with a telescope of his own construction, twelve feet long, and afterward with another of twenty-three feet, which magnified objects one hundred times, he discovered the true shape of Saturn's ring; and in 1659, published his '*Systema Saturnium*,' in which he describes and delineates all its appearances.

It was suspected by astronomers, more than a century ago, that the ring of Saturn was double, or divided into two concentric rings. Carsini supposed it was probable that this was the case. Mr. Pound, in the account of his observations on Saturn, in 1723, by means of

Hadley's new reflecting telescope, states, that with this instrument he could plainly perceive '*the black list in Saturn's ring*,' and gives an engraving of the planet and ring, with this dark stripe distinctly marked, as in the modern views of Saturn. It was not, however, till Sir W. Herschel began to make observations on this planet, with his powerful telescopes, that Saturn was recognised as being invested with two concentric rings. The following are the dimensions of the rings, as determined by the observations of this astronomer, which are here expressed in the nearest round numbers. Outside diameter of the *exterior* ring, 204,800 miles, which is nearly twenty-six times the diameter of the earth. Inside diameter of this ring, 190,200 miles. Breadth of the dark space between the two rings, 2,839 miles, which is seven hundred miles more than the diameter of our moon, so that a body as large as the moon would have room to move between the rings. Outside diameter of the *interior* ring, 184,400, and the inside diameter, 146,300 miles. *Breadth* of the exterior ring, 7,200 miles; breadth of the interior, 20,000 miles, or two-and-a-half times the diameter of the earth; so that the interior ring is nearly three times broader than the exterior. The *thickness* of the rings has not yet been accurately determined. Sir John Herschel supposes that it does not exceed one hundred miles. 'So very thin is the ring,' says Sir John, 'that it is quite invisible, when its edge is directly turned to the earth, to any but telescopes of extraordinary power.' The breadth of the two rings, including the dark space between them, is very nearly equal to the dark space which intervenes between the globe of Saturn, and the inside of the interior ring. It appears to have been lately ascertained that this double ring is not exactly circular, but eccentric. This seems to have been first observed by *Schwalz*, of Dessau, in 1828. He informed Mr. Harding of it, who thought he saw the same thing. Mr. Harding informed Professor Schumacher, who applied to M. Strave, to settle the question, by means of the superb micrometer attached to his great telescope. M. Strave measured the distance between the ring and the body of the planet, on five different days, and ascertained that Saturn's ring is really eccentric, and consequently that the centre of the planet does not coincide with the centre of the ring, but that the centre of gravity of the rings oscillates round that of the body of Saturn, describing a very minute orbit. This is considered as of the utmost importance to the *stability* of the system of the rings, in preventing them from being shifted from their equilibrium by any external force, such as the attraction of the satellites, which might endanger their falling upon the planet.

This double ring is now found to have a swift rotation around Saturn in its own plane, which it accomplishes in ten hours and a half. This rotation was detected by observing that some portions of the rings were a little less bright than others. Sir W. Herschel, when examining the plane of the ring with a powerful telescope, perceived near the extremity of its arms, or *ansa*, several lucid or protuberant points, which seemed to adhere to the ring. At first he imagined them to be satellites, but afterward found, upon careful examination,

that none of the satellites could exhibit such an appearance ; and therefore concluded that these points adhered to the ring, and that the variation in their position arose from a rotation of the ring in the period above stated. The circumference of the exterior ring being 643,650 miles, every point of its outer surface moves with a velocity of more than a thousand miles every minute, or seventeen miles during one beat of the clock. It is highly probable that this rapid motion of the ring is one of the principal causes, under the arrangements of the Creator, of *sustaining* the ring, and preventing it from collapsing, and falling down upon the planet. This double ring is evidently a *solid, compact substance, and not a mere cloud, or shining fluid*. For it casts a deep shadow upon different regions of the planet, which is plainly perceived by good telescopes. Beside, were it not a solid arch, its centrifugal force, caused by its rapid rotation, would soon dissipate all its parts, and scatter them in the surrounding spaces. It is not yet ascertained whether both the rings have the same period of rotation. This magnificent appendage to the globe of Saturn, is about 30,000 miles distant from the surface of the planet, so that four globes, nearly as large as the earth, could be interposed between them ; it keeps always the same position in respect to the planet ; is incessantly moving around ; and is carried along with the planet in its revolution round the sun.

DIMENSIONS OF SATURN'S RINGS.

It is difficult for the mind to form an adequate conception of the magnitude, the mechanism, and the magnificence of these wonderful rings, which form one of the most astonishing objects that the universe displays. In order to appreciate, in some measure, the *immense size* of these rings, it may be proper to attend to the following statements. Suppose a person to travel round the outer edge of the exterior ring, and to continue his journey without intermission, at the rate of twenty-five miles every day, it would require more than seventy years, before he could finish his tour round this immense celestial arch. The interior boundary of the inner ring encloses a space which would be sufficient to contain within it *three hundred and forty globes* as large as the earth ; and the outer ring could enclose, within its inner circumference, five hundred and seventy-five globes of the same magnitude, supposing every portion of the enclosed area to be filled. This outer ring would likewise enclose a globe containing 2,829,580,622,048,315, or more than two thousand eight hundred *billions* of cubical miles ; which globe would be equal to more than *ten thousand eight hundred globes* of the size of the earth. In regard to the *quantity of surface* contained in these rings, the one side of the outer ring contains an area of 4,529,401,800, or more than four thousand five hundred millions of square miles. The one side of the inner ring contains 9,895,780,318, or nearly ten thousand millions of square miles. The two rings, therefore, contain on one side, above fourteen thousand four hundred millions of square miles ; and as the other sides of the rings contain the same extent of surface, the whole area comprehended in these rings will amount

to 28,850,365,236, or more than twenty-eight thousand eight hundred millions of square miles. This quantity of surface is equal to one hundred and forty-six times the number of square miles in the terraqueous globe, and is more than five hundred times the area of all the habitable portions of the earth. Were we to suppose these rings inhabited, (which is not at all improbable,) they would accommodate a population — at the rate of two hundred and eighty inhabitants to a square mile, as in England — of 8,078,102,266,080, or more than *eight billions*, which is equal to more than *ten thousand times* the present population of our globe. So that these rings, in reference to the space they contain, may be considered, in one point of view, as equal to ten thousand worlds.

These rings, therefore, exhibit a striking idea of the *power* of the Creator, and of the grandeur and magnificence of his plans and operations. They likewise display the depths of his *wisdom* and intelligence. For they are so adjusted, both in respect to their position around the body of the planet, and to the degree of motion impressed upon them, as to prevent both their falling in on the planet, and their flying off from it through the distant regions of space. We have already stated, that the rings are not exactly concentric with the body of the planet. Now it is demonstrable from physical considerations, that, were they mathematically perfect in their circular form, and exactly concentric with the planet, they would form a system, in a state of *unstable equilibrium*, which the slightest external power, such as the attraction of the satellites, might completely subvert, by precipitating them unbroken on the surface of the planet. For physical laws must be considered as operating in the system of Saturn, as well as in the earth and moon, and the other planets; and every minute circumstance must be adjusted so as to correspond with those laws. ‘The observed oscillation,’ says Sir J. Herschel, ‘of the centres of the rings about that of the planet, is in itself the evidence of a perpetual contest between conservative and destructive powers; both extremely feeble, but so antagonizing one another, as to prevent the latter from ever acquiring an uncontrollable ascendancy, and rushing to a catastrophe.’ ‘The smallest difference of velocity between the body and rings must infallibly precipitate the latter on the former, never more to be separated; consequently, either their motion in their common orbit round the sun must have been adjusted to each other by an external power, with the minutest precision, or the rings must have been formed about the planet, while subject to their common orbital motion, and under the full, free influence of all the acting forces.’ Here then, we have an evident proof of the consummate wisdom of the Almighty Contriver, in so nicely adjusting every thing in respect to number, weight, position, and motion, so as to preserve in undeviating stability and permanency this wonderful system of Saturn. And we have palpable evidence, that every thing conducive to this end has been accomplished, from the fact, that no sensible deviation has been observed in this system for more than two hundred and twenty years, or since the ring was discovered, nor, in all probability, has there ever been any change or catastrophe in this respect, since the planet was first created, and launched into the depths of space.

APPEARANCE OF THE RINGS FROM THE BODY OF SATURN.

THESE rings will appear in the firmament of Saturn like large luminous arches, or semicircles of light, stretching across the heavens from the eastern to the western horizon, occupying the one-fourth or one-fifth part of the visible sky. As they appear more brilliant than the body of the planet, it is probable that they are composed of substances fitted for reflecting the solar light with peculiar splendor; and therefore will present a most magnificent and brilliant aspect in the firmament of Saturn. Their appearance will be different in different regions of the planet. At a little distance from the equator, they will be seen nearly as complete semicircles, stretching along the whole celestial hemisphere, and appearing in their greatest splendor. In the day time, they will present a dim appearance, like a cloud, or like our moon, when the sun is above the horizon. After sunset, their brightness will increase, as our moon increases in brilliancy when the sun disappears, and the shadow of the globe of Saturn will be seen on their eastern boundary, directly opposite to the sun. The shadow will appear to move gradually along the rings till midnight, when it will be seen near the zenith, or the highest point of these celestial arches. After midnight, it will appear to decline to the western horizon, where it will be seen near the time of the rising of the sun. After sun-rise, its brightness decays, and it appears like a cloudy arch throughout the day. The following circumstances will add to the interest of this astonishing spectacle:

1. The *rapid motion* of the rings, which will appear to move from the eastern horizon to the zenith in two hours and a half.

2. The *diversity of surface* which the rings will exhibit. For, if we can trace inequalities on those rings, by the telescope, at the distance of more than eight hundred millions of miles, much more must the inhabitants of Saturn perceive all the variety with which they are adorned, when they are placed so near them as the one-eighth part of the distance of our moon. Every two or three minutes, therefore, a new portion of the scenery of the rings will make its appearance in the horizon, with all their diversified objects; and, if these rings be inhabited, the various scenes and operations connected with their population, might be distinguished from the surface of Saturn with such eyes as ours, aided by our most powerful telescopes.

3. The motion of the shadow of the globe of Saturn, in a direction contrary to the motion of the rings, which shadow will occupy a space of many thousand miles upon the rings, will form another variety of scenery in the firmament.

4. If the two rings revolve around the planet in different periods of time, the appearances in the celestial vault will be still more diversified; then one scene will be seen rising on the upper, and another and a different scene rising on the lower ring; and through the opening between the rings, the stars, the planets, or one or two of the satellites, may sometimes appear.

Near the polar regions of the planet, only a comparatively small portion of the rings will appear above the horizon, dividing the celestial hemisphere into two unequal parts, and presenting the same general appearances now described, but upon a smaller scale. To-

ward the polar points, the rings will, in all probability, be quite invisible. During the space of fourteen years and nine months, which is half the year of the planet, the sun shines on the one side of these rings without intermission, and during the same period he shines on the other side. During nearly fifteen years, therefore, the inhabitants on one side of the equator will be enlightened by the sun in the day time, and the rings by night, while those on the other hemisphere, who live under the dark sides of the rings, suffer a solar eclipse of fifteen years' continuance, during which they never see the sun. At the time when the sun ceases to shine on one side of the rings, and is about to shine on the other, the rings will be invisible, for a few days or weeks, to all the inhabitants of Saturn.

At first view, we might be apt to suppose that it must be a gloomy situation for those who live under the shadow of the rings, during so long a period as fifteen years. But, we are not acquainted with *all the circumstances* of their situation, or the numerous beneficent contrivances which may tend to cheer them during this period; and therefore are not warranted to conclude that such a situation is physically uncomfortable. We know that they enjoy the light of their moons without almost any interruption. Sometimes two, sometimes four, and sometimes all their seven moons, are shining in their hemisphere in one bright assemblage. Beside, during this period is the principal opportunity they enjoy of contemplating the starry firmament, and surveying the more distant regions of the universe, in which they may enjoy a pleasure equal, if not superior, to what is felt amidst the splendor of the solar rays; and it is not improbable, that multitudes may resort to these darker regions, for the purpose of making celestial observations. For the bright shining of the rings during the continuance of night will, in all probability, prevent the numerous objects in the starry heavens from being distinguished. The very circumstance, then, which might at first view convey to our minds images of gloom and horror, may be parts of a system in which are displayed the most striking evidences of beneficent contrivance and design.

It has often been asked, as a mysterious question, 'What is the *use* of the rings with which Saturn is environed?' This is a question which, I conceive, there is no great difficulty in answering. The following considerations will go a great way in determining this question:

1. They are intended to produce all the varieties of celestial and terrestrial scenery which I have described above, and doubtless other varieties, with which we are unacquainted; and this circumstance of itself, although we could devise no other reason, might be sufficient to warrant the Creator in deviating from his general arrangements in respect to the other planets. For *variety* is one characteristic of his plans and operations, both in respect to the objects on our globe, and to those which exist throughout the planetary system; and it is accordant with those desires for novelty and variety which are implanted in the minds of intelligent beings.

2. They are intended to give a display of the grandeur of the Divine Being, and of the effects of his Omnipotence. They are also intended to evince his inscrutable wisdom and intelligence, in the

nice adjustment of their motions and positions, so as to secure their stability and permanency in their revolutions along with the planet around the sun.

3. They are doubtless intended to teach us what varied kinds of sublimity and beauty the Deity has introduced, or may yet introduce, into various regions throughout the universe. We are acquainted with only a few particulars respecting *one* planetary system. But we have every reason to conclude, that many millions of similar or analogous systems exist throughout the unlimited regions of space. In some of these systems, the arrangements connected with the worlds which compose them, may be as different from those of our globe, and some of the other planets, as the arrangements and apparatus connected with Saturn are different from those of the planets Vesta or Mars. Around some of these worlds there may be thrown not only two concentric rings, but rings standing at right angles to each other, and enclosing and revolving around each other. Yea, for aught we know, there may be an indefinite number of rings around some worlds, and variously inclined to each other, so that the planet may appear like a terrestrial globe, suspended in the middle of an armillary sphere; and all these rings may be revolving within and around each other, in various directions, and on different periods of time, so as to produce a variety and sublimity of aspect, of which we can form no adequate conception. There is nothing irrational or extravagant in these suppositions: for had we never discovered the rings of Saturn, we could have formed no conception of such an appendage being thrown around any world, and it would have been considered in the highest degree improbable and romantic, had any one broached the idea. We are therefore led to conclude, from the characteristic of *variety* impressed on the universe, that Saturn is not the only planet in creation that is surrounded with such an apparatus, and that the number and position of its rings were not the only models according to which the planetary arrangements in other systems may be constructed.

4. Beside the considerations now stated, the chief use, I presume, for which these rings were created, was — *that they might serve as a spacious abode for myriads of intelligent creatures*. If we admit that the globe of Saturn was formed for the reception of rational beings, we have the same reason to believe that the rings were formed for a similar purpose. It is not at all likely that a surface of 29,000,000,000 of square miles, capable of containing ten thousand times the population of our globe, would be left destitute of inhabitants, when there is not a puddle, or marsh, or drop of water, on our globe, but teems with living beings. These rings are as capable of supporting sensitive and intelligent beings as any of the globes which compose the solar system. They are solid bodies; they have an attractive power; they are endowed with motion; and from their surface the most grand and magnificent displays may be beheld of celestial scenery. From all the circumstances which have been stated above, it is evident that the numerous objects connected with the rings and with the globe of Saturn, were not intended merely to illuminate barren sands and hideous deserts, but to afford a comfortable and magnificent habitation for thousands of millions of rational inhabitants, who employ their

faculties in the contemplation of the wonders which surround them, and give to their Creator the glory which is due to his name.

A variety of other scenes and circumstances might have been detailed, in reference to the rings of Saturn ; but this paper has already been protracted to an inconvenient length ; and without figures and machinery, it is impossible to convey clear and definite ideas on this subject.

T. D.

THE GOOD WINE.

'O thou only God of wine,
Comfort this poor heart of mine,
With that nectar of thy blood.'

ALEXANDER ROSSE, 1650.

CYPRIAN wine is not for me,
Nor the juice of Italy ;
Nor Atlantic's luscious pride,
From Madeira's sunny side ;
Nor from Caprea's royal hoard,
Nor from Lisbon's modern board,
Nor from elder Egypt's crypt,
Which Mark Antony hath stripp'd ;
Nor from Rhine or laughing France,
Where Garonne's blue ripples dance,
Nor from banks of classic river,
Winding Po or Guadalquivir.

All the grapes in vintage crushed,
Could not satisfy my thirst ;
Purple flood in chrysolite,
Where it moves itself aright,
Freely pour'd in princely hall,
Sparkling at high festival,
Well refined or on the lees,
Could not my ambition please ;
Draught that passing pleasure brings,
Leaving ever-during stings.

When my lips the beaker kiss,
I have other wine than this,
Taken from the fruitful hill,
Which doth live in poësy still ;
Where for vine, a cross of wood,
Guarded by the Roman, stood ;
Whose rich spoil was gathered when
Triumphed hell and triumphed men :
Crushed and mangled was whose grape,
While the heavens look'd agape,
And in sackcloth hid — whose wine
Streaming dimm'd the mid-day's shine,
Fermented in nature's sigh,
Ripened in the earthquake's cry.

How it stirs my languid blood !
How it cheers my soul, like food !
Drink ye kings ! and cares forget,
Drink ye sad ! and triumph yet.
Drink ye aged ! strength renew,
Drink ye children ! 't is for you.
Drink ye pilgrims ! while 't is nigh —
Drink, nor in the desert die.
Drink ye fainting ! thirst ye never,
Drink ye dead ! and live for ever.

Boston, December, 1837.

WILLIAM B. TAFFAN.

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER NINE.

‘ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o’er the waters blue,
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea mew.’

I HAVE said I took passage in a vessel bound to New-Orleans. I had never been at sea; and this was fortunate, for I required some excitement to arouse my torpid energies. It was a Sabbath evening, when we set sail. Hardly were we out of the harbor, when the wind rose, and drove us furiously on our course. The land was soon lost to view, in distance and darkness.

There being danger on deck, I sought my cabin and sleep. The noise of the winds, the quick, startling commands of the captain, and the running here and there; the knocking of blocks, and tackles, and ropes; the groaning of the ship as the seas struck her, to me inexperienced, seemed to betoken imminent peril. Every moment, for I lay awake all night, I expected to hear cries of alarm, and to be buried in the waves. I resigned myself calmly to my fate. I thought we must perish; and it was joy to think, that that life which had been so tempestuous and stormy, was about to be closed on the wide sea, amid the conflicts of the elements, in solitude and darkness. I was thankful, too, that time was allowed me to commend my soul to God; to ask forgiveness for my sins; to pray for the happiness of my friends, whom I had so much disregarded, and who had so often forgiven me. This is true. It was a blessed moment. I felt I had an immortal soul.

The danger, however, was all in my own imagination. It blowed hard, but we were perfectly secure. Landsmen have no idea of the power of a ship, or the magnificence of a real storm at sea. After once undergoing one, we are in possession of a secret; and a stiff gale is a source of pleasure rather than of pain. On land, the same wind that unroofs our houses, and prostrates the tall forest trees, breaks not the blade of grass, nor snaps the tender vine. A good ship yields in the soft element, and bends her head to the tempest. The danger at sea lies in squalls and sudden gusts. Give a seaman sea-room enough, and he cares not how hard it blows, if it blow steadily.

The morning dawned at last, and I had just fallen into a deep sleep, worn out with watching, when the captain roused me, and said, ‘Come, if you would see a fine sight.’

I went upon deck, and looked upon the most majestic scene my eyes ever beheld. The sun was just rising; not a cloud was in the sky; the waves ran mountain high, and their curled tops, covered with white foam, glistened in the slanting sun-beams. No land was in sight, but at some distance we could descry a tall ship dancing upon the waters, as if it were no heavier than a nut-shell. The crew looked fresh and animated, as they once more regained their own element; and the captain, whom on land I had thought a coarse, illiterate, clumsy, sleepy booby, now appeared to possess a dignity and force of character, which awed me into silent respect before him.

The moment, however, we were seated at breakfast, out of sight of the sailors, he relapsed again into the easy, jovial companion; and I, in my turn, showed my superiority in the graces of the table.

The laborer is graceful as he ploughs the field, or sweeps the scythe; the artisan is graceful at his work; the sailor on the sea, as he climbs the giddy mast. Men are only clowns, when they attempt that which is foreign to their natures and habits. Dress the laborer in rich garments, and set him to work; put the mechanic into a ball-room, or the sailor on the land, and they are awkward and clumsy. Ease, and the *mens conscia recti*, is gracefulness; consistency is gracefulness; to appear what we truly are, is to be truly dignified.

As we proceeded out to sea, and the bracing air of the ocean operated upon my health, giving me life and gayety; as I underwent danger from storms, and heard our captain tell of his 'hair-breadth 'scapes' on the deep; of shipwreck, murder, famine, and death; my own misfortunes sank into insignificance, and I began to feel ashamed of myself for yielding to despair, in the presence of men who were happy and contented with the recollection of past misfortunes upon their minds, and the chance of danger always hanging over them.

Confined to the narrow sphere of a village or family, we are apt to acquire a force of character only sufficiently strong to meet trite and common events. We look upon little things as large; we magnify inconveniences into misfortunes, accidents into judgments, and are frequently made positively unhappy by things unworthy the notice of an immortal being. Travel, and a larger intercourse with mankind, will correct this weakness. Our scope of comparison will be wider, and by getting to know that difficulty attends every enterprise; that all men, from the highest to the lowest, are not, in any one instance, exempted from suffering; we return to the circumscribed society of the village, and are happy by comparison. Though our bodies move only over a short space of earth, still, in our minds, we live in the world, in the widest sense, and acquire that elevation, and liberality, and reasonableness of thought, so great a source of happiness to others and to its possessor.

After a very long, but not to me tedious passage, for I was sorry when we came in sight of land, we arrived at New-Orleans. I am not about to give a description of the country or cities; but the impression is still vivid in my memory, of the feelings I experienced as we stemmed the tide of the mighty river, and dragged by the low marshes to the mud-walled city of the South; the sink of filth; the palace of beauty; the France of America; the gambling dépôt of planters and desperadoes, uniting all nations, complexions, religions; all codes of morals, all steps to vice, all degrees of virtue. Here is the gloomy fanatic, the vociferating Methodist, the astute Jesuit, the self-satisfied Catholic, high-born and wealthy, devout in his observances, infidel in his sentiments, and polluted in his life, all walking side by side; while the calm, quiet, unassuming Quaker, emblem of meekness, Christian humility, and heavenly love, glides along his noiseless way, and impresses you with the belief, that true Christianity has yet her disciples on earth.

With a year's allowance in my pocket, I set out to dissipate my

cares, and to make a bold rush at something. Not much of a traveller, except among the moral inhabitants of the North, I began, after observing the latitude of conduct here, to place myself quite above par in the scale of virtue. Northerners have no idea of the utter want of principle that characterizes the southern man of pleasure; of the grossness, the debauchery, the sensuality, that walks in open day, and glories in its degradation. Here is every thing to entice the senses; and the blood of the northerner, warmed up by the climate; his senses fascinated by novel and luxurious allurements to sensual pleasure; his avarice revelling in the heaps of gold he may, *by chance*, realize, and that too from the smallest beginnings; all tend to lead him astray. If at home he has the character of a saint, here he will, most likely, have the character of a man ruined beyond redemption, or fortunate, beyond the hopes of independence. There is no medium. Hundreds of young men go annually from the northern states to New-Orleans to seek their fortunes. About one-third return with the appearance of premature old age, and pretty fortunes. The remainder die, or linger about the city, waiting, hoping for death to come to their relief. Beside, the men who have made their fortunes at the South, rarely bring home with them the respect they once had for religion and good morals. They are indeed gentlemen, as the term goes, and bear, many of them, the *honorable* scars of courage at twelve paces; but they pine for the freedom from restraint which the South affords; they have lost their former habits and tastes, and they find no sympathy for their newly-acquired substitutes.

Moralists may talk about principle as they please. It is good in the abstract. Men must have habits of goodness, or they will fail, with the purest intentions in the world. It is hard to find out where habit ends, and principle begins. Principle! Why, it is conscience, common sense. It puts us into a good path; it points out when we have lost the way: but habit governs us. Habit begets principle, and bad principles are sometimes only sophistry — that is, want of common sense. I pray God to give me good habits! You may reason about the excellence of virtue and temperance till you die; you never will become morally pure, until you first are physically so. Dr. Johnson said a very foolish thing when he said, 'A man may have good principles and bad practice.' A mere period! Prettily balanced sentence! How many have you sent to the devil!

Soon after I had got established at a hotel, I formed an acquaintance with Mr. D —, from Charleston. He was a very gentlemanly man, whom I had seen at college, rather disposed for frolic, but with nothing vicious in his nature. He introduced me to a fine set, as he thought them — acquaintances he had made since his residence in the city. Already he had been pigeoned to a considerable amount by these friends, but his large resources and unsuspicious nature concealed from him their real character.

All young men of large fortune and inexperience in the world will be subject to such friends, upon first coming out. This kind of friendship is a perfect game. These fallen gentlemen who hang round our cities, more particularly at the South, where they can lodge out of doors, (good policy!) get quite a comfortable living by initiating young men into the world. They have the exterior of gentle-

men; they have been gentlemen in their feelings. They possess the *artem captandi*, the indefinite agreeable, the slash look, the easy carriage, which imposes so readily upon a young man, fresh from his books and the dreams of the world.

The keepers of houses of entertainment know these men by instinct; and they are aware that they are known. There is no agreement but a tacit one. They have the appearance of credit at such places; they can order their bottle and a dinner, (the bottle always comes first;) they get it not for money but for service — a regular *quid pro quo*. The 'quo' is, to exert themselves for the credit of the house, and lead their dupes there to be sacrificed. This is the slight o' hand of living. Having been duped themselves, they now live by duping others; and it is not improbable that the fathers of their victims are the fortunate possessors of the wealth acquired from them.

At gambling houses they play with the keeper's money, and play into his hands, and receive a per centage on the profits of the night. This is blackleg-ism. Mr. D — and myself played, and in consequence were stripped in a short time of all our means. We were largely in debt at our hotel for the dinners and wines we had furnished our *friends*. We were not fairly sober during the whole time of our stay in the city. At the houses we frequented, we were kept under continual excitement. Servants were always at hand to assuage our thirst, and give ardor to our courage. These rooms are very splendid; richer than any private apartments at the North; more luxurious. Sofas, couches, mirrors, paintings, fountains of nectar, and the music of seraphs, enchant the senses.

How many wretched forms have reclined upon these very couches! How many haggard faces have been reflected from these mirrors! Here, sitting where my form rests, the suicide thought of his beggared wife, and the boy — the first born of his union — and burying his face in his hands, formed the awful resolution. Here too the old and respectable planter has sat in mute despair to contemplate his bankruptcy and loss of reputation; but he did not think of suicide. The old love life, though they know it to be pain and sorrow. Can splendor, and music, and gayety, and youth, throw even a gleam of joy over apartments so accursed? The air is death. Men will not grow wise by any thing but their own experience. Though all the dead bodies of suicide, and all the mental pangs personified, sat by to warn the gambler, he would not stop. Yes! all goes on now as before. The cards that are handled to-day, and the dice that rattle so merrily, and the spots so well drawn, have been handled, and rattled, and seen, by fingers and eyes that now clasp the worm, and furnish a nest for the coiling reptile.

Women made no small part of our amusement. There is a refinement in vice; but so far from 'robbing it of half its evil,' it only makes it more damnable in its effects. How much sophistry is concealed under great names and rich language!

Balls and evening parties are established, where only those who have gold can find admission, and where women are found, who look like angels, with all the enticements of dress, and passion, and complexion, and winning smiles, to waylay the imprudent. And what is strange enough, many of these women are strictly chaste, and, in scenes of

riot and debauchery, wear brows adorned with the virgin wreath. In point of moral dignity, they rank with the turtle that crawls about in the yards of eating-houses. They are to be bought and consumed. Those who have been bought, and used, resemble the same turtle, when he has been cooked, and served up, and warmed over, for so much a bowl.

No man can look upon these young girls, panting to be bought, (for they are to be sold by their parents,) with indifference. They have been educated for the market — taught all the graceful movements the female body is capable of. They sing, they converse, divinely. With their black flashing eyes, swimming in passion; their luxurious persons, adorned with consummate taste; with limbs to enchant the statuary; but fifteen years of age, and yet blooming in all the richness of womanhood; they certainly, though not of full blood, are the most beautiful women in the world.

It is a wretched trade! There certainly is a hell. I am convinced of it, though all my life inclined to skepticism. These children are trained as we fat our cattle for market. They bring an immense price sometimes; and after a few months or years, as it may be, of servitude to their masters, moving in the higher circles of whoredom, that is, attending balls, wearing expensive dresses, and drinking champagne, they are removed step by step down to the herd who walk the streets, and seek subsistence and pleasure in filthy vice and drunkenness.

It is very philanthropic and sounding to discourse about abolition. It is very affecting to see tears shed for the 'poor negroes, chained and tasked.' Men get a vast deal of credit by these means; but we may as well hope to drain the ocean by a pump, placed at one of our wharves, as to attempt the project of emancipation of slaves at once. There are certain intermediate steps to this result. I utter not a crude opinion, when I say, that if we hope to do any permanent good, we must begin at the foundation of opinion and conduct; that when education is generally encouraged in all parts of our country, and there is not a child destitute of school instruction, and a well-informed mother, that then slavery will die — go out, as a candle goes out when there is no oil to nourish it. Public sentiment produces reform, and not societies. Societies influence the intelligent part of the community, but not men who are steeled against them by their ignorance and their interests. If the money expended in presses, and papers, and missionaries, and preachers, and in the purchasing of slaves to colonize Liberia, were to be devoted to building school-houses, buying books, and paying teachers, perhaps we might not do so much for one, two, or ten years, but in fifty years we should do more than will be done by present means.

Certainly the society of these beautiful quadroons was very charming to us young men, and we did not stop to reason very profoundly about vice and virtue, but gave ourselves up to the fascination of the senses. Young men are apt to form very strong sensual attachments. I remember — it is too weak a word — her image is fixed in my heart — one young girl gave herself to me of her own accord. She said she loved me, and I was very well pleased with the adventure. I believe it was the delicacy of my treatment of her

which gained her feelings. I never can treat a female coarsely, be she ever so bad. To talk of the affections of a prostitute, may seem quite ridiculous to some ; but they know very little of human nature, who deny that a female may lose her virtue, and yet retain pure affections.

For my part, I know they can. Let us state a case. A young girl in the country, ignorant of the world and its vices, with no arranged armor against temptation, which women who live much in society always carry about them, is seduced by some young villain well versed in the art. He could only succeed by gaining her affections. She loves him, and in the madness of our shamefully excitable nature, in both sexes, she yields to his passion and her own, and is bereft of all that gives her honor. She becomes a mother — she is scorned by society — her betrayer deserts her — she loses all confidence and respect — she esteems herself worse than she really is ; she gives up in despair. The bad gather around her ; she is lured by some procuress to the city. She is initiated into the art of getting her bread by the sacrifice of her person, and becomes what is called a prostitute. Does the fault in the first instance deprive her of all goodness ? We go with the multitude in our opinions, too often, and esteem that which is viewed as bad, for the sake of general principles, as bad in itself. The laws of society require us to frown upon such cases, upon the principle of general good. This is like the case of the man who commits murder in a fit of drunkenness, and yet we do not attribute that crime to him, in a moral point of view, for he was insane. We punish him with death, because we have no alternative ; his execution is for the sake of the validity of the law. So the woman who loses her virtue, her physical virtue, in a moment of imprudence or mad passion, is punished ; and she is made lower every day ; for she cannot rise ; and she gradually gets to be what she at first was falsely called, a prostitute, in body and soul. The mind will accommodate itself to circumstances, and to appearance she seems reconciled to her lot. But has this female no affections ? Is she incapable of loving ? Is her moral sense blunted ? May she not feel constant regret for past errors, and disgust at her life ? Is the door of salvation closed to her ? If she may reform, if she may become a pure woman, in the sight of God, why not in your sight ? Women, in this respect, play a very unequal game with men. This may appear all nonsense to the man of the world. The immaculate old maid, who has forgotten her early indiscretions, shielded by chance from the obloquy of the world, may pucker up her lips, and grin a horrible smile of incredulity. How unjust and uncharitable women are toward one another ! How lenient they are toward the vices of men ! So that it seems, after all, that their detestation of vice only extends to the vice of their own sex, and is, in fact, a kind of jealousy or malice, rather than a principle of virtue. I think that in a number of the British Essayist, (I cannot specify which,) we have a story of a girl restored to her father from the pollution of a London street-walker's life ; and she is given back, in a short time, 'pure in spirit,' as the writer says. Now what is physical impurity, compared with prostitution of mind ? If the mind can be brought back to virtue, why not respect the body that bears it ?

I am not advocating the reception of such women into society, even after reformation; but I wish to establish their capacity for forming attachments, and feeling gratitude and love to God; sentiments their own sex deny them.

The origin of making the sin of women more culpable than the same sin in men, can be traced to the nature of the English law of inheritance in that country; and I would, in our country, where no such reason exists, be in favor of viewing it equal in both sexes. If infidelity excludes the wife, let it also exclude the guilty husband.

This young quadroom was evidently attached to me, and I could not injure her. She would willingly have given me all she possessed. She would have left the city with me, and in my necessities which followed my gambling speculations, and when thrown into prison, she came to me. She found me out, and clung to me as if her whole life was at stake. She wished to heap money upon me, for she had money from some source. She would have purchased my release by the prostitution of her person to one she loathed; and I hardly know how I should have escaped this humiliation, had not Mr. D. — furnished me a supply for present exigencies. She knew and lamented the lot to which she was born, but could find no way of escape.

I was in that city ten years after the events here recorded, and found her in the lowest grade of wretchedness and vice. She knew me too; and never to my dying day shall I forget the mingled look of joy, despair, and shame, that passed over her still beautiful form and features, as she recognised me. There are some facts in life that put invention entirely out of countenance. There are some inconsistencies in our nature, which tell the student of mankind that he is in pursuit of another philosopher's stone. Man is past finding out; and, certainly, woman.

EUGENE ARAM.

'It is a strange truth! We do forget! The summer passes over the furrow, and the corn springs up; the battle-field forgets the blood that has been spilt upon its turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noonday sun that slept upon its bosom. All nature preaches forgetfulness. Its very order is the progress of oblivion.'

BULWER.

Was this thy thought, pale sophist! at the hour
 When the land slept; by night from toil set free;
 And thou, lone watcher, from thy silent tower
 Didst woo the stars, and they came forth to thee,
 Those radiant ones! and oped the glittering scroll
 Of their most wondrous lore! all eloquent —
 Lighting its mysteries — till thy midnight soul
 Glowed 'neath the splendors of the firmament!

What sought the student — o'er the darkened page
 The oil of life consuming! Wisdom's mine?
 A store of wealth to that fair heritage
 Of mind? Renown! an offering for thy golden shrine?
 No! — thou wert seeking death to memory!
 To that one preying, withering regret!
 There came a deep voice ever up to thee
 From the stained sod, 'When didst thou e'er forget?'

LONE.

SOLILOQUY

ON AWAKENING IN THE SAME BED-ROOM, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS, AND WHILE
AFFLICTED WITH ELEVEN STROKES AND AGGRAVATIONS OF PARALYSIS.

I QUENCH'D *that* candle in *that* candlestick,
And when in bed, I saw upon the wick
A red star twinkling; then I fell asleep.
Mysterious Nature, wherefore do I weep?
The room, the candlestick, all are the same!
Sure thou hast power to reilluminate a flame:
Are all the same? The candle, it was tall,
That, to the socket burnt, is wasted all.

Oh such a dream as I have dreamed! Was none
To hear my spirit in its anguish groan;
(For groan'd I must have, in that dream so drear,
Was none to waken me, did no one hear?
Methought I went, some thirty years ago,
Into the world; on all around the glow
Of hope reflected from my bosom shone,
Although I went into the world alone.

In pride of youth, with buoyant steps so gay,
All nature smiled on the perfidious day;
But soon the blasts that blight and mildew bring,
With sudden withering, check'd my prosperous spring,
And all the blossoms, ere the fruit was set,
Were as the cyphers of a bankrupt's debt.
But, unsubdued by that mishap, again,
Though in my heart I felt strange anguish-pain,
I trusted Fortune, and again the cheat
Shut her proud door, and left me in the street!

Surpris'd I stood; while ling'ring in the cold,
I saw once more the gorgeous robe unfold,
And pleased, behind, she beckon'd me to come;
All then seem'd right, the harlot was at home:
I turn'd, no victor prouder from the race—
I gain'd the steps — she slammed it in my face!
With spirit gall'd, I took another aim;
Bent my stiff back, and risk'd a humbler game;
But even then the fickle loon pass'd by,
And cut the string before the shaft could fly.

Knowing too well, that by her charms enthral'd,
Though chill'd and sullen, I was unappall'd,
She fram'd a new device, as if contrite;
A fire it seem'd, but was phosphoric light:
I went to warm, and stood with fingers spread,
But all was rottenness, and cold, and dead.
Anon, as if by hate that work'd like love,
Inspir'd she labor'd, and *did* seem to prove,
By glorious glaik, she was contrite at last:
But still delusive, soon the glories passed.

Then, grown indignant at the harlot's hate,
I dared her malice, with a heart elate;
Perfidious strumpet, Nature lent her wo,
To aid the purpose of my overthrow;
All in the flood-time of a seeming calm,
She struck me suddenly — what was that quail?
Have I not dreamed? — are these indeed gray hairs?
And am I, then, a theme for good men's prayers,
Awak'ning, after thirty years and more,
In the same chamber that was mine before?

Scotland, Oct. 26, 1837.

JOHN GALT.

OBSERVATIONS

ON ELECTRICITY, LOOMING, AND SOUNDS: TOGETHER WITH A THEORY OF THUNDER-SHOWERS, AND OF WEST AND NORTH-WEST WINDS.

BY GEORGE F. HOPKINS.

OF SOUNDS.

THERE are certain periods in the state of the atmosphere, when it seems altogether reasonable to suppose that evaporation goes on with increased force; and I think we are warranted in the conclusion, that the mass of ascending vapor presents a material obstacle to the transmission of sound. I have frequently observed, during the prevalence of serene and pleasant weather, that the conveyance of sound to any considerable distance was attended with a great deal of difficulty. At other times, without much apparent change, sound would appear to move with the utmost ease, meeting with no impediment, and spreading over an extended surface. The nature and cause of this, in my opinion, admit of a satisfactory explanation.

Whether sound appears to move with ease, and to strike the ear in a clear and distinct manner, or whether it meets with a resisting agent, and falls upon the ear in a way that seems to be imperfect and murmuring, I conceive it to be wholly owing to the principle or law of evaporation. When the agency of this power is exerted in its full strength, it follows as a natural consequence, that the atmosphere must be highly charged with this subtile fluid. And although it is ordinarily as imperceptible as the air itself, it must, from the nature of the case, occupy a large portion of space, and possess in a high degree the properties of the element from which it is chiefly drawn. Under such circumstances, it is easy to perceive, that sound cannot proceed as far, nor indeed, one would think, with the same velocity, as when there is a feebler resisting medium. And that there is often a surprising difference in the condition of the atmosphere in this respect, can hardly have escaped the observation of any man.

It is within the knowledge of most people, that owing to some cause not generally understood, the state of the atmosphere at times is such, in which an extraordinary degree of stillness seems to reign, that sounds which are not unusually loud, are heard at a great distance. The sound of men's voices in conversation has been sometimes heard across the water, for the distance of near two miles. The crowing of a cock may then be heard so far that, were it not a fact of common notoriety, it would be deemed incredible. I recollect an extraordinary instance, though of a different kind, that comes strongly in point. At one of those still periods, I heard very distinctly at the Battery, the sound of a conch-shell, that was evidently blown at the ferry on Staten Island, a distance of seven miles. My opinion at the time was, it could have been heard at least two miles farther up Hudson's river. The sound was most probably somewhat aided by a gentle movement of the air from that quarter. These and similar occurrences are common in the bay of New-York; and

must necessarily be so in every place where there are large bodies of water. It is a remark frequently made among people in the country, when this kind of stillness recurs, and sounds from different quarters are heard distinctly, that it forebodes a change of weather. As a general remark, it may be said to be strictly warranted by experience. It is my belief that there are but few instances in which these indications are not quickly followed by discharges from the clouds.

I ascribe these phenomena to one cause only. It seems clear to my understanding, that during the prevalence of this state of things, there is a total suspension of the power of evaporation; and that such periods must constantly and necessarily succeed a loaded atmosphere, will be readily believed. The facts already mentioned I deem satisfactory on this point. There can remain consequently but very little resistance to the movement of sound; the whole of the vapor having ascended to the higher regions, leaving the lower portion of the atmosphere completely disburdened. And the circumstance that it soon returns to the earth in showers, is strongly corroborative of the position.

That the operation of the principle of evaporation should be suspended when the higher regions of the atmosphere are completely loaded with vapor, must be supposed to be a consequence following so naturally as scarcely to admit of doubt. For it would not be consonant with common sense to imagine, that while copious streams were in readiness to descend from the clouds, the law of evaporation should remain in force.

THEORY OF THUNDER-SHOWERS.

THAT the element of heat governs and controls all the others, and is the prime cause of every movement, and of every change or modification to which they are subject, there can exist no doubt. Its power seems proportioned to the magnitude and splendor of the object that dispenses it; and all nature attests its supreme potency. So copiously indeed does the great fountain pour it upon our planet, and such is its transcendent influence, that some powerful reacting agent was required in the system, in order to keep up the charm of freshness and beauty on the face of creation, and to preserve health and life in the nameless grades of existing beings.

There are numerous reasons for supposing, that during the prevalence of summer heat, there must be a great inequality in its distribution over the surface of the ground. The positions and altitudes of numberless ridges and mountains, and of the knobs, spurs, and diverging lines of those ridges and mountains; of the many intervening plains and valleys; of great lakes, bays, and rivers, and of the falls and rapid currents of many of those rivers; together with the constant but variable influence of the mighty ocean, with the ceaseless flux and reflux of its once inexplicable tides, all unite to produce this effect. The setting of currents of air from cold or warm regions, which fluctuate incessantly, contributes essentially to the same end. Hence we find, that it is no uncommon thing for one portion of our

continent to be for some time severely oppressed with a sultry atmosphere, invariably experiencing a corresponding degree of vivid lightning and loud thunder, while a different division shall remain comparatively cool, and much exempt from those phenomena.* But it must not be forgotten, that in proportion as the heat is diminished, in that proportion do we always find the absence of thunder and lightning. This fact is indeed familiar to every person capable of observation.

Arguments are not necessary to show the constant efforts of nature to keep up a general equilibrium in her movements. This is visible every where; and so long as the vital principle of heat shall continue to be profusely spread upon the earth, and so long as its resistless energy is 'felt through nature's depths,' so long will the whole phenomena of thunder-showers, hail storms, hurricanes, and furious winds, with all their inseparable concomitants, be the undeviating and natural consequence. The vivifying effects which immediately spring out of these convulsive movements of the elements, sufficiently point out the cause, while they demonstrate their efficacy and usefulness.

A high degree of heat is seldom known to prevail for several successive days in any section of country, without being succeeded by a fierce tempest. One cannot exist, without the certainty of producing the other. This operation will be as constant and as durable as the existence of those laws to which, under the present system of things, the whole are subject; for cause and effect must remain unchangeable.

Here, however, it may be proper to remark, that notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer of 1825, which exceeded in degree and duration any thing that we have an account of, perhaps no season ever passed off in which, not only at this place, but for an extended district contiguous to it, there were fewer thunder-showers, or so small a display of the electric property. But it will be remembered, that in other parts of this state, and in various parts of the United States, tempests of a most terrific nature were experienced. From the numerous accounts detailed in the gazettes, we are authorized to believe, that so much destruction was never before produced in one season from the same cause. Whole districts of country were swept by tremendous winds; vegetation of every kind prostrated and cut to pieces by the most extraordinary quantities of hail, some of which was of enormous size; and many people and animals were killed by the lightning.

To show the rapid operation of the elements upon each other, I would simply refer to a metal or glass vessel filled with cold water in a sultry day. It will be perceived, that in a few minutes the whole surface of the vessel will be covered with water; and the ordinary term which people make use of to express their idea of it, is *sweating*.

* It will doubtless be recollected by many, that during a part of the summer of 1824, the heat in the southern portion of the United States was felt to a degree never before known, which was attended by very terrific thunder and lightning. During the prevalence of these phenomena in that direction, it cannot be forgotten that in some of the northern and middle states, the season was unusually cool, and marked with considerable electrical displays.

But it is well known to be occasioned solely by the powerful influence which a mass of cold water, and metal or glass of equal coldness, have on a very sultry and humid atmosphere; the warm air rushing strongly into the colder and denser element, which it continues to do until the water in the vessel becomes of the same temperature as the circumambient air itself. By this operation, the moisture soon accumulates to such a degree as to form large drops, which fall from the sides of the vessel.

The same effect, though the operation be reversed, may often be seen in winter, when the cold is severe. The windows of a room without shutters, in which a fire has been kept up through the day, will be found the next morning to be completely coated with ice. This is produced by a cold atmosphere acting on a warm one, after the fire is extinguished, but the warmth retained. The external moisture which lodges on the glass, but which cannot enter the room, soon becomes completely congealed.

Of the immense quantities of vapor that are exhaled into the atmosphere, and which are sometimes so abundant as to skirt the whole heavens, always floating in or near the cold regions, large portions must necessarily be drawn to those sections of the country that are overcharged with heat; and hence the very common occurrence of thunder-showers in the afternoon. Such frequently is its overbearing ascendancy during the day, that some time before sun-down we perceive clouds rising in the north-west, which, by means of the wind being drawn from that direction, (it being the quarter from whence proceed the coldest currents of air,) soon multiply and spread, until they gather sufficient strength to produce in their course all their usual and interesting characteristics. The infinite inequalities in the surface of the ground, connected with the causes before mentioned, must give rise to the constant succession of these operations, in numberless portions of the country, and to the great diversity in their character. Some showers afford bountiful supplies of water, and copious emissions of the electric property; while others are limited in their effects in both of these particulars.

The heat in any district must be supposed to multiply, until its influence shall become so predominant as to be felt in those cold regions that are nearest to it. Action and réaction quickly succeed — a consequence which I presume must immediately follow — and the effects must always be proportioned to the force and peculiarities of the combined causes. Currents of cold air will often set strongly in that direction; sometimes rushing with extreme impetuosity. This cannot take place, without carrying along with them large bodies of vapor, which are speedily condensed to such a degree as to form heavy, dark, and extended clouds; and this condensation must beget showers of rain in proportion to their depth, surface, and compactness. If they rise to an unusual height in the atmosphere, it appears to me the cold is communicated through them in the like degree to the earth; for that they serve as a medium through which heat and cold are equalized, is a conclusion that I believe will not be disputed. The inference therefore seems reasonable, that vapor must be very much condensed, and extend to a great height, before it reaches those

extreme cold regions which are sufficient to congeal the water, and occasion it to fall in masses of ice.

Mr. Volney, in his view of the United States, suggests the *probability* of occasional vertical currents; but if my memory serves me, he barely makes the suggestion, without proceeding to trace their general influence or agency. Had he pursued the theory, he would beyond all doubt have established it not only to his own, but to the satisfaction of every reader. It has often struck me as matter of surprise, that so little has been said on this subject; and the more so, as it appears to me a position as important as it is undeniable. That almost all the great changes which are so frequently felt in our atmosphere, are brought about through this medium, I believe to be capable of sufficient demonstration. The usual serenity of the air consequent on these changes, is itself a pretty clear evidence of it. Strong horizontal currents, of great extent, could only bring with them the impure exhalations of boundless forests, extensive morasses, and great inland seas. These could neither produce a serene atmosphere, nor could they yield that portion of health and comfort which are required by nature in her complicated and infinitely varied concerns. Such movements would not only be contrary to every principle of that wise and rational economy, which is one of the most prominent features in all her multifarious works, but they would be attended with such wide-spread ruin, as in a great measure to counteract all those kind and beneficent intentions which, under all circumstances, and in all seasons, are so striking and manifest, even to a superficial observer.

I have the fullest faith in a constant succession of these operations; and am persuaded, that to this cause more than to any other, nay, infinitely more than to all others, is to be ascribed the coolness, freshness, and serenity, so commonly experienced after a thunder-storm. It is difficult to conceive from what other quarter such delightful changes should come, or how and by what other means effects so extraordinary should so soon be brought about. The common fact that these currents, in the great majority of cases, come from the north-west, furnishes no argument that they proceed from remote cold regions in that quarter; because nothing is more common than the occurrence of a thunder-storm, not only in the maritime districts, but frequently very far in the interior, attended with furious winds that sweep over the face of the country, producing much devastation, while another district, not very far to the north or north-west of it, shall experience a calm and serene atmosphere. If any man will be at the trouble to make suitable inquiries, he will find this to be an almost every day occurrence in the summer season. And the operation of these causes thus explained, presents itself to my mind as not less correct and simple in theory, than it is obviously beneficial and delightful in its results. Hence I conclude, that there can be little doubt or hesitation entertained that it is one of the permanent laws in our system, and that to the operation of this law are we constantly indebted for nameless enjoyments and benefits. The circumstance that currents of air at such times set strongly from the north-west, is an objection of very little weight against the prevalence of vertical currents; for as the maritime districts are univer-

sally found to be hotter than those in the interior, it would seem to follow, as a fair consequence, that these currents, owing to the influence of such a cause, would take that direction, even before they reached the ground.

From every view that can be taken of the subject, it seems reasonable to suppose, that a flood of accumulated heat, covering a measureless area of land and water, must have an inconceivably strong influence on cold air and vapor that are placed near it: it must of necessity produce a high degree of excitement and agitation amongst them; and action will be succeeded by reaction, until their complete approximation; when those fierce but salutary concussions take place, which are so often observed in the summer months. All the superabundance of heat which has been poured upon the earth, and which is either aggregated in bodies or otherwise, (for that the heat is constantly aggregating in small globes or volumes, I am fully convinced,) rushes into the clouds, with a rapidity proportioned to their coldness, weight, and magnitude, and bursts from them in successive and splendid streams, as they are carried along by the force of the winds through the atmosphere; thus fulfilling a most important and wise provision in nature, the effects of which are infinitely beneficial. The earth is at once relieved from the overwhelming and wasting influence of an agent that at times becomes almost insupportable to every grade of animated nature, while vegetation every where withers and sinks beneath its consuming power.

In addition to the arguments already advanced in support of my theory, there is one prominent fact to which I would advert, and which may be seen by any one, whenever a thunder-shower is at such a distance that it can be contemplated with safety and composure. In almost every instance, the lightning bursts immediately on the *surface* of the cloud, and the streams of fire continue to spread themselves on its surface, until their whole force is spent. If there are instances, (and such may occasionally be observed,) where the lightning seems to shoot from the body of the cloud, I am still persuaded that the effect is only apparent, not real. It doubtless explodes on a more distant part of the cloud, while the eye is deceived by the light shining through the vapor. It must be recollected that very frequently a small portion of the surface of a cloud only is seen. This I deem a sufficient answer to any objection that might be suggested to the remark.

I have not unfrequently observed, while contemplating the lightning playing on the bosom of a distant cloud, that streams of electricity would *ascend* from the lower part of the cloud, almost in a right line, for some distance before they separated into diverging lines. During the summer of 1824, I beheld an interesting occurrence of this kind. A heavy cloud, which apparently hung over the southern shore of Long Island, was suspended a few degrees above the horizon. A stream of electricity shot up from the *lower skirt* of the cloud, and ascended in a right line eight or ten degrees. Hence it appears to me that no other judgment can be formed from these plain indications, than that electricity is drawn solely from the surface of the earth, and that it is no other than the great mass of redundant heat which collects together in low grounds, being attracted

into the body of dense vapor, and that it explodes the moment they come in contact. Any other conclusion adduced from these facts, I should certainly conceive to be erroneous. My full persuasion therefore is, that this is the natural and true operation of the elements. It agrees with those simple movements which are known to characterize nature wherever they are understood; that this operation too is as wise and useful as it is sublime and beautiful; and, in my judgment, the electric property neither is nor can be produced from any other possible source.

The utility of these movements has been already explained :* and the indispensable necessity there would seem to be for such operations during the oppressive and sultry season of the year, with numerous other circumstances, all combine to show, that the economy of nature actually requires such an agency; that without it her benign intentions would in a great measure be frustrated, and the grandeur and majesty of her works deprived of much of their imposing and interesting scenery, as well as of some of their noblest and most useful purposes.

THEORY OF WEST AND NORTH-WEST WINDS.

I PROCEED to offer a few remarks by way of a Theory of West and North-West Winds. These are the most generally prevailing winds that we have, and ordinarily they are much the fiercest. That these winds originate from a quarter totally different from what has been the general supposition, is sufficiently clear to my understanding; and that they do not come from the distant western or north-western regions, is susceptible of abundant proof.

It is a fact not sufficiently adverted to, or perhaps not generally known, that west of the mountains the prevalence of boisterous winds is extremely rare. A residence of several years in the state of Ohio enables me to speak confidently on this subject. Boisterous winds are of unusual occurrence in that country; and furious gales from the north-west are almost unknown, after getting beyond the great dividing ridges. It is beyond all question true, that in most cases during the prevalence of those strong winds in the Atlantic states, the atmosphere in the great Ohio valley, and between that and the lakes, and even onward west to the Mississippi, remains unmoved. The currents of air in that quarter generally move in a different direction. The prevailing wind there is known to come from the south-west;† though north-east winds are not unfrequent. Both are almost always comparatively gentle; and this is not only the common character of the winds in that country, but it may be easily ascertained, that such is the usual state of the atmosphere in that region, during the movements of the fiercest western gales on the Atlantic coast, and east of the mountains.

Then how and by what means are those boisterous and piercing winds engendered, and from what region do they proceed? This leads me to the purpose which was before me, and on which I propose to offer my opinions.

* Article on Electricity.

† Drake's View.

I have already had occasion to remark upon the action of vertical currents, and have expressed my entire conviction of their existence and constant agency. In my opinion the arguments adduced are of sufficient weight to entitle the hypothesis to full confidence. And I now say, that not only do I feel the most perfect persuasion of its correctness, but that herein consists the grand source of all the great and important changes which so frequently occur in the state of our atmosphere. Their first movements I hold to be invariably vertical; but before they reach the earth, they take a direction toward the Atlantic, and move with a strength and velocity proportioned to the exciting cause. This cause is the great accumulation and ceaseless influence of heat in the Gulf of Mexico, the Carribean sea, the coasts of North and South America, and the whole group of West India islands. When it has become sufficiently predominant, and has spread over a large portion of sea and the contiguous lands, its influence is strongly felt upon our continent, and extends back to the great western ridges. The air immediately rushes from the higher regions toward the earth, but soon moves off with a mighty force in a direct line to the ocean. When a vacuum, or something like it — which the operations of nature in her wise economy may have produced — is supplied, and that equilibrium restored which seems to be required to preserve an equal ascendancy among the elements, the effect immediately ceases with the cause. In every instance, and I think under all circumstances, the accumulation of heat upon the sea-coast, and in the warm latitudes, begets these effects; and that the air should first proceed from those cold regions contiguous to lofty mountains, is a conclusion that seems both reasonable and natural, and in my opinion is sufficiently warranted by every movement and indication within the compass of our observation. It is consonant to all the known operations of nature, and therefore may safely be admitted as correct doctrine.

I deem it not improper here to record a fact to which I was myself a witness, and which confirmed me in my opinion of this theory. On my passage over the mountains, which was in the month of November, my attention was suddenly arrested, when at the foot of the North or Cove Mountain, about seventeen miles from Chambersburg, by a furious rush of the wind. I was led to take notice of it from its singular operation. The limbs of the trees were pressed suddenly and strongly toward the ground, and some were made almost to touch it. I could not discredit my own senses; and therefore never doubted that it was a powerful current from the higher regions.

If then my arguments are admitted to be reasonable, and my deductions fair, we cannot be at a loss to account for the phenomena of frequent tempests, and fierce and piercing winds. In every point of view, it would appear to be a wise provision, that the first movements of currents of air should be vertical. The beneficence of nature is here made very apparent; for these currents proceed from a perfectly pure source; are consequently in the highest degree salubrious; they spread over a less extent of surface, and in their course therefore occasion less mischief.

This subject may be farther illustrated, by a reference to the influ-

ence of heat during the warm season. For some time before the summer solstice, and for a considerable period afterward, a west or north-west wind is a rare occurrence, except during the operation and immediately after a thunder-storm. For this, an obvious and satisfactory reason presents itself. Our continent at this season is subject to as high a degree of heat as prevails in the West India seas and islands; there exists consequently no exciting cause for the movements of those strong winds, which frequently rush with such force toward the ocean. On the contrary, it would appear that an exciting cause of sufficient strength does really exist, for producing a brisk current from a directly opposite course. The south wind becomes the prevailing one; and this effect necessarily results from the greater accumulation of heat on the continent than on the ocean. It generally continues, as we well know, during most of the hot season; but it may be remarked, that it almost always lulls as the sun declines. It would therefore seem, that the instant the strength of the heat is diminished, the exciting cause fails, and the current ceases. So that whether the heat predominates in a northern or more southern latitude, the real effect is the same, varying only according to the degree and duration of the excitement. These facts, in my opinion, come strongly in aid of my hypothesis, and show incontestably the resistless energy of the great ruling power in our system.

That these operations are the effect of a universal law, may be easily believed, if we are to believe the agency of heat is supreme, and that it is every where the exciting cause of action in all the other elements. That it is the sole and prime instrument of every change and movement among them, and the spring of all action through every channel and ramification of nature, I presume no one will undertake to controvert.

S O N G .

I.

HER beauty, like the star of night,
 Outshone them all, beyond compare;
 But, ah! it was an icy light,
 That froze as well as glittered there.

II.

No jewel might her brow adorn,
 Or deck her locks of flowing gold;
 Her eye was brighter than the morn,
 But ah! her bosom — it was cold!

III.

Her ripened cheek outblushed the dawn,
 Her lips were roses dashed with dew,
 Her light step tripp'd it like the fawn;
 O she was fair, had she been true!

IV.

Her beauty, like the star of night,
 Outshone them all, beyond compare,
 But, ah! it was an icy light
 That froze as well as glittered there.

G. L.

L I N E S

ON A SHIP'S CREW WHO BORE THE NAMES OF ELEVEN EMINENT DIVINES.

In life's unsettled, sad career,
 What changes every day appear,
 To please or plague the eye!
 Men bearing names of pious priests,
 Here in this ship are swearing beasts,
 That heaven and hell defy.

Here BONNER, bruised with many a knock,
 Has changed the surplice for a frock,
 While ENSKINE swabs the decks;
 And WATTS, a name that pleasure took
 In writing hymns, is here a cook —
 Sinners he does not vex.

Here BURNET, TILLOTSON, and BLAIR,
 With HERVEY, how they curse and swear,
 While CUDWORTH mixes grog!
 PEARSON the crew to dinner hails,
 A graceless SHERLOCK trims the sails,
 And BUNYAN heaves the log!

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKSPEARE is in every body's mouth, not because it is Shakspeare, but because it is nature and truth. How often do his divine counsels find entrance to our minds, by the way, in the ball-room, at the theatre, on 'change, from the pulpit, and in our own homes, coming with strange troublings of spirit; waking in us the soul; making us feel that there is a world of thought, a capacity for enjoyment and suffering, in our own bosoms, as yet unrevealed distinctly to ourselves. If it be true (and who doubts it?) that that mind which is fastened to the earth, and spent in ministering to a perishable body, is, at some time, to expand and unfold angelic powers — to be independent of time and space — a pure spirit; to have to do with God himself, if not face to face, yet nearly and sensibly — then these master geniuses, themselves in chains, though freer than the rest, exciting in us, by their charmed words, strong emotion, vague aspiration, and intense desire, for something higher and purer than earth affords, are engaged in as true a work, as he who subserves our commonest necessity: and we have no more right to question the reality and naturalness of the sentiments we feel, and to call them mere vagaries of the imagination, than we have to doubt the sincerity of those tears that fall upon the grave of a bosom friend.

It is the gift of some men to have a singular power over the human mind. And it is a fact, that this power does not depend upon moral worth, nor philosophical acuteness; it does not depend upon the acquisitions of learning, nor the subtlety of science. It is a different power from the revolutionizing acumen of a Bacon; it is not just

sentiment, and taste, and feeling, never so refined, such as prompted the writings of Alison, and Goldsmith, and Burns. It is, in a manner, born to a man. It is the influence Shakspeare exerts, more and more, as the world grows wiser, and comes to see more clearly what he means. Byron once possessed this power for a season, but that age has passed. Wordsworth and Carlyle have small German principalities under their sway. Scott, after all that has been said, never ruled in those high courts of the intellect, where men never appear in boots; in short, he lacks spirituality and refinement. None but the bard of Avon ever bore 'wide and extended rule.' The reason of this is not so much on account of the newness and beauty of his precepts and conclusions, ('queer terms in which to talk of Shakspeare,' says the reader; 'one would think the writer was criticizing a sermon;') as because they are adapted to our wants, and seem to be the echo of our own experience. Shakspeare is the universal mirror in which any man can see himself. There he may find the riddle of his own life unravelled; there too, for the first time, he is aware of his own motives; and after living somewhat, and being ready to exclaim, 'Life seems to me to be a great farce,' he turns to Shakspeare, and finds written:

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.'

Whatever the subject, Shakspeare has anticipated all that can be said. If we can quote him aptly, we consider the argument our own. Whether in a sermon or at a supper, by our fireside or in the halls of debate, to weave in Shakspeare, is to gain applause. In a few words he says more than other men say in large volumes; and his wisdom seems more like inspiration than the result of thought. He is a sound jurist, a profound statesman, abounding in wit, of superior taste in dress, behavior, and cookery; and he is all this, without wearing a wig, or living at court; without being a dandy, a flatterer, or a glutton.

In the twenty-eight lines put into the mouth of the 'melancholy Jaques,' the two first of which we have just quoted, it seems that a little book was intended to be written. It has preface, chapter and verse. The hero, man, is introduced, according to the best models, in his 'nurse's arms,' and made to describe a complete circle above ground, even to 'second childishness;' whereas some writers are content to give us a mere arc of a man. But nothing can be more perfect in its kind than our subject; and we look in vain, in the whole range of the plays, for a speaker better worthy than the quaint Jaques to be the utterer of so great a work. Without appearing to be aware that he is saying 'immortal words,' without any apparent effort at condensation, governed by the perfect balancing of expression to thought, he is touched to produce fine issues, and says what will always be read, if for no other reason, because it is a whole, and a short and true one.

This character, who 'met a fool i' the forest,' from whom he extracted so much wisdom, seems himself to be a kind of higher 'fool,' if we judge from the sageness of his remarks, and the privilege of his tongue. He appears to be the favorite of his author, and has the

honor of speaking his own sentiments, and of being the organ of his complaints against an unjust world. He is represented as loving

——— 'to lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,'

in such mood as we may easily imagine he himself loved to lie, when forming into being his own deep-toned inspirings. The more fitly to bring him into sympathy with himself, he removes him from the din of courts, and places him in the forest of Arden. There he allows him all freedom of thought and observation, and, in 'motley wear,' to pour out those serio-comic sayings, which are the sincerest sayings a man ever utters: for his solemn and set words are the off-spring of place and circumstance; his lighter sallies the mere ebullition of a fleeting feeling; while, always longing to be himself, when he does indulge in such an imprudence, he thinks to shield his hearty frankness by a jocose manner and a high-key'd laugh.

Shakspeare's love for 'fools,' the deep philosophy of his 'fools,' is explained by Jaques, when he says,

——— 'Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine;'

for in the 'fool' he could consistently give vent to those bitter taunts and those private opinions that his regard for his art forbade him to put into the lips of any pretendedly rational person — those very prudent people, who are known at this day, who, before they speak, must see how and when their words will fall, whom offend, how affect party, how touch interest. The world Shakspeare painted was our world. Mankind are ever the same. Persons of place and consequence could no more say what they thought then, than they can now. We do not sympathize with *their* restraints, and wonder they are not more bold with their opportunities — are half vexed with them for their prudence; but the master genius was true to nature, and only gives us his true opinions, his real feelings, by the 'mouth of fools.'

If it would not be considered irreverent, we would say, that this notion furnishes some illustration of the apostle's meaning, where he says: 'If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a *fool*, that he may be wise,' i. e., let him become disregarding of the usual motives that cramp other men, that his sense may have full play. And again; 'God hath chosen the *foolish* things of the world to confound the wise.' Now we contend that Shakspeare and the apostle had one and the same idea upon this subject. Indeed it would not be difficult to show that Shakspeare was a diligent student of the Bible, and, in the then scarcity of books, did not neglect so rich a fund of thought and expression as the sacred pages.

It may be said that the plays are full of satire upon the abuses of the world, and that the author does every where speak openly and boldly. It is not so; it would not be natural to be so. Shakspeare's plays are not satires, but *bona fide* pictures of events and scenes. Herein consist their beauty and popularity. When the disappointed

man rails, we set it to the account of his disappointment ; when innocence complains, we pity the singularity of her case ; when the misanthrope scorns, we regret his bile, and think our author very consistent ; but the *world*, the *world* escapes. Far otherwise is it with the disinterested remark of the 'fool,' who is privileged to speak, and paid for speaking ; whose own comfort is augmented by his severity upon others, and who, like a razor, is valued only as he is sharp.

The banishment of the Duke brings Jaques into his native element. His melancholy is a passion, for no man is happier. He is a thinker. He revels about the woods,

' Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing ;'

weeps with the 'poor deer,' scolds about the Duke for his encroachments upon natural liberty, and is as wild in all his actions, and as wise in all he says, as any 'fool' could be.

To select Shakspeare's favorite, where all are so favored, is almost presumption ; but we cannot help this conclusion. The most showy characters are not always the greatest favorites with their authors. The most popular productions by no means bear a corresponding interest in their minds, over other, lesser famed, works of the poet and the painter. A little poem, perhaps unnoticed by the great world, shall register the cherished thoughts and private feelings of the one ; a small picture, that the casual observer deems insignificant, shall be a view of the spot where the other first loved — 'of the cot where he was born' — by chance, it may be a green mound, with a stone at its head, and trees, and a simple enclosure ; there he has spent his whole art, and it is to him more than all the gorgeous drapery and speaking features of his lauded efforts. What the world the most admires, the individual rarely loves, and takes home to his soul, to foster with his secret sympathies, and deify by his private devotions. The mother loves most fondly her deformed child, not because it is deformed or maimed, but not having the world's admiration, shut out from common paths by its hapless lot, it grows faster in those inner qualities, those higher sympathies that bind the souls of men. The child thus situated has associations, and is happy in interchanges of thoughts and affections with its mother, which the 'fair in form' do not know.

From our view of Jaques, we attach great importance to all he says ; and if for no other reason, we should do so from his having committed to him the uttering of that little book, *multum in parvo*, of which we will now quote the introduction :

' All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.'

In the conclusion, of *our* introduction, we would say, that we mean to read this book with curious and attentive eyes ; for in its leaf seems to be written the history of man.

CHAPTER FIRST—AGE FIRST—INFANCY.

‘At first, the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse’s arms.’

THUS begins and closes the first chapter of man’s history. Why say more, in a book which was to be immortal in its conciseness? Every mother and father can fill up the outline. It is enough for our author to say, that infancy is a season of helplessness and sickness, of danger and of pain. To get foothold in the world is hard; to maintain it is labor; and when time has cemented our feet to the rocky soil, to tear asunder the habit of living, is harder still. The infant dies, as it first lived, by a single gasp. The playful boy asks for his hoop and ball, and weeps, as he languishes on his last couch, when he hears the merry shout of his play-fellows beneath his window. He asks to see the sunshine, and longs for the green pastures and the running streams. At some still hour of morning, when the day has settled into soberness, he asks his mother to raise him upon his pillow, that he may lean his head upon her bosom; and so he dies. But there is no illusion, when the man enters the dark valley of the shadow of death. All is real solemnity — an awe that forbids open and violent resistance; but his arms are fastened like a vice around his wife and his children, or his eyes are rivetted upon a lofty goal he had almost reached. But a giant hand unlocks his embrace, and an iron film covers his eyes, and silently and shudderingly he passes.

At its first breath, the infant utters a cry, by which the mother knows she has given birth to a living child. How true a token that it is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward! Wise Providence, who hast for thy own best purpose appointed sorrow to man while on earth, how kind and beneficent art thou, in beginning this immortal training at the first! The little ‘muling’ thing! A puke is thy first dose, or was; physic may have improved. This is not all. Thou art submitted to no gentle rubbing, no questionable bath. Taken from the tender cradle of a mother’s care, who has moved in all her ways mindful of her precious burden, and who has already learned to love thee by the pain thou causedst, as she will hereafter delight in thy tiny scratches, and no careful handlings of her cap and lace, thou art each morn immersed in water from the pump. This will teach thee to bear the cold glances of thy friends, when fortune frowns and they shall look askance at thee; and thou must learn to look calm amid estrangement; to be passive under wrong; to be forgiving of injury. All early suffering is for thy good. The fires of affliction purify; the chills of adversity strengthen.

Escaping from this rough introduction to our world, happy art thou if permitted to cuddle to thy mother’s breast. Perchance no such blissful lot awaits thee. Thy mother, darling, may be one whom, with all a mother’s tenderness ready to glow and flourish around her heart, cruel fashion and her kindest friends have persuaded, that to nurse thee, to let thee slake thy longing lips at the true fountain, is a sin against the *ton*. Oh miserable state! Thy tender limbs clad in garments the curious work of six long months, with cap

made elegantly rough with dot and eyelet-hole, like a huge nutmeg-grater, thou art condemned to some old nurse, whose eager eyes, meanwhile she dandles, rocks, and trots, shall be engaged to look for some strange mark of leg of bacon, strawberry or peach, or read thy fortune in her grounds of tea. And worse than this, must ever and anon feed her huge nostrils with a pound of snuff, to help her incantations damned and dire. Who can depict the horror that must swell thy breast, when that lean, spectacled face fills the virgin retina of thine eye! If there be a standard of beauty, we pity thee.

But oh! most blessed by comparison, though ‘cabined, cribbed, confined,’ if thy mother be an honest craftsman’s wife, who cannot spare to buy thee foreign milk! Then shalt thou repose thy cheek upon a couch made soft by love and ‘sleepless tenderness;’ then shalt thou bite to please thyself, and ease thy sprouting gums, while she, ‘fond creature,’ shall be happy even in her pain. And happy still art thou, if born in some low, humble thatch, where decent poverty joined with pious trust shall make a little heaven for thy new eyes, with flowers and clambering vines, and all the thousand ingenious contrivances which taste prompts, and nature supplies materials for executing, where there is love, and virtue, and humility. Then too shall the arms of a father, made strong by toil, lift thee as if thou wert a feather, till thy tiny arms shall flap, and thy new-found voice shall crow, with joy at such a parentage.

But where can we find tears enough to weep thy lonely fate, if brought a ‘sinless child of sin’ into this world, with none to own thy coming? Some cold evening in December, perhaps a wealthy merchant, warm from his coal fire, shall stumble over thee, encased in a hand-box, in which thou hast been for hours upon his door-stone. Think not thy stay will be long in his abode. Thou wilt be handled tenderly, and women there may weep for a few moments; and they will look if thou bearest any mark of lover or acquaintance. But, curiosity satisfied, and the longing of some maiden aunt repressed, to adopt thee as a gift of heaven to her unappropriated existence, thou shalt be trundled to the Foundling Hospital. There babies are no novelty — turned off like a morning baking of biscuits. We hope in mercy thou wilt die; not for thy body’s sake, but for thy soul’s. Not all the pleasing incidents of ‘Japhet’ in his ‘Search’ may chance to thee; but thou mayest bear all his pain, and more; and if heaven have given thee a sensitive mind, thou wilt live with a heavy sense of wrong rankling in thy bosom, and seek crime, and recklessly steep thy name in guilt, to wound thy cruel father’s heart.

Dear infancy! whether born in palaces or hovels; whether thy birth be welcomed by the sound of bells, or namelessly thou art laid upon the stranger’s door-stone; thou art doomed to have untold wishes, unexpressed desires, pains thou canst never tell, and to shed tears, *of course*.

Here is the greatest reason for sympathy with the infant’s ‘age.’ Often no ingenuity can interpret its moan. An opiate may lull it, but it will wake to moan again. How many die in agony! What writhings of the limbs! A pin is now sticking deep in its tender flesh! It has no tongue to tell its intense suffering.

Its pains end not with the ‘nurse’s arms.’ What thumps and tum-

bles, what bumps and bruises, does it get in learning to walk ? How bitterer than the drunkard's agony its thirst, when first denied the breast ! It counts it all to cruelty and neglect. No sooner does it make an effort to talk, than it suffers perpetual disappointment in being misconceived, and in having its most earnest expressions slighted.

But though humanity is thus fulfilling its destiny from its earliest breath, still infancy has its mission to the world. It has been called most beautifully the Perpetual Messiah. The morality of childhood begins in the 'nurse's arms.' Infancy binds us to home. The mother hurries from the theatre, the ball, sick of heartless mirth, to find real pleasure by her infant's side. Side-walks are less crowded in prolific years. The merchant pauses amid desperate speculations and the hazard of his fortune, for his little ones at home ; the drunkard pushes aside the bowl ; the gambler leaves his dice ; and thoughtless youth, become a mother or a father, grows circumspect and grave. We do not talk much of this influence ; perhaps are not fully aware of its extent ; but it operates silently upon us all. Even the dying gladiator, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday,' heeded not 'the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.'

——— 'His eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play.'

And this is our reading of the first chapter of our history.

Taunton, Mass.

J. N. B.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Up in the morning, 'as soon as the lark,'
Late in the evening, when falleth the dark,
Afar on the upland, or under the tree,
Come the sweet voices of children to me.
I am an old man, and my hair is gray,
But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play,
And a kindlier current doth run through each vein,
And I bless you, bright creatures ! again and again.
I rejoice in your sports, in the warm summer weather,
While, hand locked in hand, ye are striving together ;
But I see what ye see not ; the sorrow and strife
Of the years that will come in the contest of life.

For I am an old man, and age looketh on
To the time that will be, from the time that is gone ;
But you, blessed creatures ! you think not of sorrow,
Your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow !
Ay, sport ye, and wrestle — be glad as the sun,
And lie down to rest when your pastime is done ;
For your dreams are of sunshine, of blossom, and dew,
And the 'God of the Blesséd' doth watch over you,
While the angels of heaven are missioned to keep
Unbroken the calm of your innocent sleep ;
And an old man's blessing doth o'er you dwell,
The whole day long : and so fare ye well !

THE BETRAYER.

SAY to the flower thou hast plucked, bloom on,
 Bloom on, sweet rose!
 Say to the grass that's mown, be fresh once more;
 Say to the wreath removed from Beauty's brow,
 When the mad hour of revelry is o'er,
 Again be sweet and bright,
 And grace that brow another night;
 But say not to the fair girl's withered heart,
 Crushed by a villain's coward art—
 To that sad heart, erewhile so warm and pure,
 But now whose wound the grave alone may cure,
 'Sad heart, be glad!'

Montreal, December, 1837.

A. A. M.

THE DICTATOR'S TRIUMPH.

A SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BROTHERS.'

It was a glorious morning in the latter part of June, and at an hour so early, that the heavy dews of summer were yet hanging unexhaled on wold and woodland, although the sun had lifted his broad disc above the horizon, when the two armies came in view on Winsley field, near Horncastle. It was a gallant and a graceful spectacle as ever met the eye of man. The scene a broad and waving tract of moorish meadow land, checkered with many a patch of feathery coppice — birch, ash, and alder — tufts of furze, full of its golden bloom, and waving fern — and here and there a bare gray rock peering above the soil, or a clear pool of water reflecting the white clouds that hung aloft, all motionless in the blue firmament; and over this romantic champaign a magnificent array of horse, four thousand at the least in numbers, contracting or extending their bright squadrons, now falling into column, and now deploying into line, as best they might among the obstacles of this their battleground — their polished armor and their many-colored scarfs now flashing out superbly as the sunshine kissed their masses with its golden light, now sobered into mellower hues, as some great cloud would flit across the sky and cast its sweeping shadow over them; their trumpets ever and anon waking the echoes of the woodlands that surrounded them on every side with their exulting notes, and their gay standards fluttering in the breeze — their gallant chargers, arching their necks against the curb, bounding and curvetting along, as if they panted for the onset — while toward the eastern limits of the plain, upon a gentle elevation, flanked on the one side by the gully of a deep and stony brook, and on the other by a coppice, tangled with ancient thorns, and matted with wild rose briers, which protected likewise the whole rear of his position, Cromwell had formed his line. Nor, though inferior far in numbers, and lacking all that chivalrous and splendid decoration which their floating plumes and gorgeous dresses lent to the cavaliers, could his dark

squadrons have been looked upon without attention — ay, and admiration also, by the most unromantic of observers. The admirable discipline and perfect armature of the stern zealots who composed the ranks — the plain, but soldierly and bright accoutrements — the horses, superior even to the chargers of the royalists in blood, and bone, and beauty, and, above all, in that precise and jealous grooming, without which all the rest are little worth — the grim and stubborn countenances of the riders — some animated with a fiery zeal that would have smiled exultingly upon the stake of martyrdom, some lowering with a dark and sullen scowl, but all severe, and resolute, and dauntless! A single glance sufficed to tell that every battlefield to them must be a triumph or a grave!

Silent they stood and motionless — their long array drawn up, two deep, by squadrons at brief intervals — solemn and voiceless, presenting a strange contrast to the shifting movements and the intricate manoeuvres of their approaching enemy. Not a man moved in his saddle, not a sound broke the quiet of their discipline, save now and then the stamp and neigh of an unruly charger, or the sharp clatter of his steel caparison. And now the cavaliers, within a short mile's distance, having already cleared the broken ground, might be seen halting on the farther verge of the smooth space which swept away toward them in a gentle slope, unmarred by bush, or brake, or obstacle of any kind to the career of the most timid rider; when, with some three or four of his most trusty captains, Cromwell advanced before his lines. Of stout, ungainly stature when dismounted, none showed to more advantage on his war-horse, and in full caparison of battle, than did the colonel of the iron-sides. It was not that his seat was graceful, or that he ruled his charger with the ease of the *manège*, but that he swayed him with an absolute dominion, which seemed to arise rather from his mere volition, than from the exercise of strength or skill. His whole soul seemed engrossed by the approaching conflict — careless of self, exalted, and enthusiastical. His eyes flashed with a brightness almost supernatural from the dark shadow of his morion, and his whole visage wore an aspect so irradiate with energy and mind, that Edgar wondered how he ever could have deemed him ill-favored or ungraceful. His horse, a superb black, bore him as if he too were conscious of Divine authority; and such was the commanding greatness of his whole appearance, that no human eye could have descended to remark the plainness of his war-array! Of the small group of officers who rode beside the bridle of their leader, the most were ordinary-looking men, burghers of Huntingdon, or small esquires of the surrounding country, selected for the stations which they occupied, by the wise politician who had levied them, on account of those morose and gloomy tenets which, with an early prescience, he discovered to be the only power that might cope with the high spirit of the gentlemen who formed the bulk of their antagonists — men who affected, or imagined visions and transports — who believed themselves predestined instruments, and deemed that in the slaying of malignants they were doing an especial service to the God whose chosen servants they declared themselves, with a faith in the truth of the assertion which rendered them almost

invincible. Among these plain and heavy-looking soldiers, the form of Ardenne, high-born, and full of the intuitive and untaught grace of noble blood, gallantly armed and handsomely attired — for he was not one of those who fancied that the approbation of Heaven could be won by a rusty corslet or an ill-blacked boot — mounted on a dark chestnut, thorough-bred, yet powerful enough to bear a man-at-arms fully accoutred through the longest day, showed like a glorious falcon among a tribe of buzzards; yet even he, handsome, and young, and fairly clad, filled not the eye like the majestic person of his colonel. At a quick trot they swept along the lines, inspecting their array, with now a word of commendation, and now a short reproof, to the dark fanatics, who had been chosen lance-pesades or sergeants for their savage and enthusiastic humor. Just as they finished their career, a long and cheery shout, accompanied and blended with the clang of kettle-drums and the shrill flourish of their trumpets, burst from the columns of the cavaliers, now wheeling into line, and eager for the onset. No shout or burst of instruments replied from the parliamentarians; but their leader, at the sound, checking his charger from his speed till he reared bolt upright, threw forth his arm with a proud gesture of defiance: ‘Brethren,’ he called aloud, in accents harsh, but clearly audible, and thrilling to the heart; ‘Brethren and fellow-soldiers in the Lord, the men of Belial are before you — the persecutors of the saints — the spillers of the innocent blood — godless and desperate! — slayers of babes and sucklings — ravishers of maids and matrons — revilers of the prophets and the law — accursed of the Lord Jehovah! Wherefore, faint not, nor be of feeble heart, for surely on this day shall the Lord yield them up into your hands, that ye may work his vengeance on their heads, and execute his judgments. For said he not of old, ‘Lo! I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come!’ So saith the Lord of Hosts. Amen! amen! Selah!’

And, with a deep and sullen hum, the puritans took up the words, ‘So saith the Lord of Hosts. Amen! amen! Selah!’

‘And are not we,’ continued the fierce zealot, with increasing energy, ‘and are not we — blinded although we be, and ignorant, and sinful — I ask ye, brethren, are not we the chosen of the Lord, and shall we not obey his bidding? Smite them, then — smite the idolatrous, besotted followers of the old Antichrist, even as just Elijah slew the priests of Baal at the brook of Kishon. Be strong, and fear ye not! For lo! the Lord hath said, ‘Ye shall not suffer one of them to live!’ and who are we that we should now gainsay the bidding of the Lord, even the Lord of Hosts? Lift up your voices, then that yon malignants may perceive in whom we put our trust!’

Again, and in a sterner and more heart-felt shout, the approbation of the puritans greeted their leader’s ears; and as he ceased, with brandished blades and inflamed features, and with voices that drowned utterly the feeble music of the cavaliers, already confident of victory, and maddened with religious zeal, they thundered forth their favorite hymn.

'What saith the God of battles, the mighty Lord of Hosts?
'Ye shall prevail against them, though loud their godless boasts!
'Ye shall destroy them utterly, and root them from the land,
For I will give ye strength, and edge your battle-brand!

'At the rebuke of one shall mighty thousands fly,
For I have heard my people's prayer, their sad and grievous cry!
And I will raise my glorious voice, that it be heard afar,
And show the lightning of my hand — my right hand — in the war.

'Wo unto them that put their trust in the Egyptian's crown —
His chariots and his horsemen — his power and his renown! —
The Egyptian he is man — not God — in whom they put their trust;
His horses are not spirit — but frail and fleeting dust!

'When I stretch out my hand, together they shall fall,
The helper and the holpen — yea! they shall perish all!
Of old ordain'd was Tophet; for the king it was made hot,
As thorns that in the furnace blaze, or briars beneath the pot!

'But ye — ye are my people — the ransom'd of my soul!
Glory shall be your heritage, Jerusalem your goal!
And the sceptre shall not leave ye, and the crown shall not depart
From the faithful house of Judah — from the chosen of my heart?'

The fierce strains ceased, and a loud acclamation followed them, solemnly breathing a sublime, yet savage spirit of defiance, and was responded to immediately by the huzzahs of the advancing cavaliers, and the rich symphonies of horn and kettle-drum. A small reserve of some five hundred men was posted in the rear, and, in one mighty line, the rest swept forward at a brisk trot, the front rank with their carbines all unslung, and matches lighted. Cromwell gazed steadfastly upon them for an instant; then his eye lightened, and his lip curled scornfully, as he addressed his second in command: 'Lieutenant-colonel Ardenne,' he exclaimed, 'dismount two hundred of our best dragooners, and, under Fight-the-good-fight Egerton, let them file down that gully to our left, and fire constantly on the advance of these misproud malignants.' Without a moment's pause the order was transmitted and obeyed; and, ere five minutes had elapsed, the party was detached and scrambling down the rocky bed of the ravine, unnoted by the royalists, under the guidance of as morose and bold a puritan as ever levelled musket, or misquoted holy writ. 'Sir Edmund Winthrop,' Oliver continued, 'your stout lieutenant shall hold your regiment, as our reserve, here on this ground of vantage — but shall not stir from it, unless at your command or mine. We will not tarry for their charge, but meet them horse to horse — in onset of alternate squadrons. I lead the first division, you shall support me with the second. When you shall hear my bugle sound a recal and rally, then strike in, and the Lord strike with you! 'Truth' is our word, and 'Peace.' Amen! Selah!

Even as he spoke, the royalists gave fire from their first rank, but at too great a distance to do execution, and halted to reload. 'Steady, men!' shouted Cromwell, whose sword was not yet drawn, from the extreme left, as he perceived a demonstration of anxiety to charge among his troopers; 'steady, men; let them come nigher, and when they fire again, shoot also ye, upon their flash, through your whole

line; and instantly, alternate squadrons from the left, charge on them ere they may reload !'

Scarce had he ended, ere the line again advanced on a hard trot ; a single shot rang from the gulley, broken and fringed by thorns and alder-bushes — another, and another — a rapid and continuous fire of skirmishers, picking off half a score of officers, and throwing the right wing of the royalists into some slight confusion ; on, however, they still came, their banners rustling, and their gay plumes and baldrics fluttering in the wind, while, trusting to make such impression on the main host of the puritans as should cause their ambuscade to be of no effect, they hurried to the onset. On they came, resolute and dauntless ! Their bugle sounded for the gallop — for the charge ! and at the latter call, again the levelled carbines rose to the rider's cheeks — a bright flash ran along their line, and a dense veil of smoke covered their orderly and brilliant front. Before it cleared away, the shattering volley of the puritans, poured in with a deliberate aim, made fearful havoc in their ranks, and on the instant, casting aside their match-locks and whirling their long rapiers from the scabbards, one half the squadrons of the parliament hurled themselves furiously upon the advancing foe. Eagerly, anxiously did Edgar gaze upon the charge. On went the colonel of the iron-sides, six horses' lengths in front of his division, and all as gallantly out dashed a leader of the king's to meet him. They met, and it was but an instant ere the charger of the royalist ran masterless, and its unhappy owner rolled, weltering in his blood, beneath the trampling hoofs of the fierce puritans. There was no faltering — no doubt in either line ; forward they rushed, all straining to the charge, their horses foaming and struggling against the bit, and their swords flashing in the sunlight. Edgar unsheathed his rapier, for now a horse's length scarce intervened ; yet neither host had paused or turned aside. And now they were encountering, when the rear rank of the cavaliers threw in with desperate execution their reserved volley, shaking the line of the parliamentarians like an earthquake, emptying scores of saddles, and hurling riders and horses headlong to the earth. The smoky curtain once again swept over them ; it cleared away, and Ardenne saw his fellow-troopers, unbroken and in close array, so orderly had they closed in above the falling, now mingled hand to hand, and fighting with the cavaliers, whose front was bending like a bow — the points, on which the troops of Oliver had charged, beat backward a full pistol-shot, and the alternate squadrons which had met no foe wavering and undecided what to do. Sword cuts were glancing through the air on helm and corslet ; pistol-shots flashed among the *melée* ; and the shouts, 'God and the Church !' 'God and the king !' blended with groans, and yells, and curses, and the clash of blades, and the wild blast of trumpets, pealed dissonantly to the sky. Still Cromwell's bugle sounded not, nor were his men drawn off ; and Ardenne paused in doubt. His eye fell suddenly upon the form of Oliver fighting among the foremost ; another volley from a small knot of cavaliers, and he fell — horse and man — and the strife closed more fiercely round him ; at the same instant the reserve of Henderson moved up to reinforce

his battle. Then Edgar paused no longer. 'Forward!' he shouted, in a voice of thunder — 'forward! — charge home!' and dashing down the grassy slope, before a minute passed, burst like a thunderbolt upon the unengaged division of the enemy, and, killing two, men with his own hand, drave them in terrible confusion, by the fury of his onset, back on their own reserve. Turning his eye, now he had gained a moment's leisure, toward the spot where he had seen his colonel fall, he caught a glimpse of him on foot, fighting with desperate courage against some six or seven horsemen, who were hewing at him all together with their long broadswords, and hindering each other by their own impetuosity. Three strokes of his good sword, and the superb exertions of his charger, placed him at Cromwell's side, just as he fell to the earth, stunned but unwounded by a heavy blow. One of the cavaliers received the point of Edgar's rapier in his throat, before he checked his horse; the others were engaged and beaten backward by the foremost of his troopers. Hastily springing to the ground, as Oliver regained his feet, 'Mount!' he exclaimed, 'mount, Colonel Cromwell, on my horse, and finish what so well you have begun!'

Without a word, the zealot leaped to the saddle, cast his eyes with a quick comprehensive glance around him, and read the fortunes of the day upon the instant.

'They are half beaten now!' he shouted, in exulting tones; 'one charge more, and we sweep them like dust before the winds of heaven! Away! Sir — down with the reserve, and fall upon their left flank. I will draw off my men, and, ere you be in action, will be prepared to give it them again in front. Ho! bugler,' he continued, as Ardenne, mounting his brown mare, which his equerry had led up, galloped off swiftly to the rear — 'ho! bugler, sound me a recall and rally!' The shrill notes of the instrument rang aloud above the din of battle; and with that strict obedience for which they had already gained repute, the ironsides drew off from the encounter orderly, and beautifully formed again, before the shattered and disordered masses of the cavaliers had fallen into any semblance of array. In the mean time, Ardenne had reached his regiment, the men burning to emulate the glory half achieved by their companions, the horses pawing the turf, and snorting with impatience. A loud shout greeted him as he addressed them, in a few words terse and full of fire, formed them by troops in open column, and advanced between the copice on his right and the extreme left of the enemy, now near a quarter of a mile pushed forward beyond their right and centre, which had been most disordered by the fire of the skirmishers, and Cromwell's furious charge. So great, indeed, was the confusion of the royalists, their officers toiling along the ranks, laboring with oaths, and menaces, and exhortations, to rally and reform the men, that they perceived not Ardenne's movement till he was wheeling into line to the left, previous to charging them. Then, when it was too late, they struggled to redeem their error, nobly but fruitlessly; for, ere they could show front against him, the trumpets sounded — Oliver's in front, and Edgar's on the flank — and simultaneously they were charged, broken, and dispersed. The action was

already over — but the rout, the flight, the havoc, the despair, the hideous, indiscriminating massacre, urged to the utmost by religious fury and political rancour, ceased not till noon; when Cromwell's bugles, slowly and most reluctantly obeyed, called back the men, their weapons blunted and their arms aweary, but their hearts insatiate of carnage, from the hard-pressed pursuit.

PILGRIM SONG.

Over the mountain wave,
See where they come;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home:
Yet where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along,
Deep-toned and free!

‘Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!

‘England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom;
Scotia hath heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume:
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land —
Home far away!

Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!’

Dun grew the forest path,
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God!
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song —
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along:

‘Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!

Not theirs the glory-wreath,
Torn by the blast;
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they passed!
Green be their mossy graves!
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along,
Ever the same:

‘Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!’

'SOCIETY.'

BY REV. C. C. COLTON, AUTHOR OF 'LACON.'

WHERE joy but works some other's wo,
Each good some other's ill,
And poverty is drained, the cup
That overflows to fill :

Where gold a willing servant finds
In each — in most, a slave ;
And law the just and righteous cause
Can insolently brave :

Where dungeons unadmonished guilt
In double darkness bind,
Or from the body loose the chain,
To brutalize the mind :

Where man is trained to murder man,
And art destruction schools,
To multiply the work of death,
By scientific rules :

Where e'en each gracious element
That heaven or earth supplies,
We teach, by knowledge better hid,
Against ourselves to rise :

This is that boasted thing that men
The 'social compact' term ;
Of folly, vice, and misery,
The forced but fatal germ.

This to the Italian's crooked code
An air of truth supplied,
And planned for knaves the rich reward,
To better men denied.

This to Geneva's madman lent
His triumph o'er the sage,
And half redeemed the bitter sneer
Of Swift's indignant page.

Oh ! warned by wo, and taught by time,
Shall Reason, full of years,
O'er brutes but boast her sole and sad
Prerogative of tears ?

Oh ! when will man each boon despise,
That makes a brother moan ?
And seek, where it alone resides,
In others' bliss, their own ?

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

NUMBER FIVE.

'ARTS, thrones, and empires gone, that mock'd all change,
So beauteous once, and fresh with life, with time :
A desert now ! thy fragments strewed in strange
Disorder, o'er a wild, forgotten clime !'

PRECEDING numbers of our articles upon this subject, led us into the inquiry, 'Who were the people that first inhabited the Valley of Mexico, and from whence did they come?' Our conclusions, in answer to this query, were in favor of the opinion, that they were Tultecans ; that they came from the province of Chiapa, or Guatemala, and that they formed the nucleus around which northern tribes successively gathered and made up, in process of time, the numerous nations composing the Mexican people. The great Tultecan empire, comprising the original people of this continent, and for time unknown, inhabiting, as a great and prosperous nation, the provinces of Yucatan, Chiapa, and Guatemala, having been compelled to desert their extensive and populous cities, from natural causes, not satisfactorily defined, it is but reasonable to suppose, aside from the evidence afforded by the subsequent analogy in the arts and sciences, that they migrated to the great Mexican Valley, where, having settled themselves, they communicated to succeeding people much of that knowledge by which they had been distinguished, and for which, it is

well known, the Mexican nations ever acknowledged their obligations. In order to render this more clear, it will be necessary to revert to some farther particulars respecting the primitive Tultecans, and their astonishing arts, for the purpose of showing the connection between the last of the one, and the beginning of those of the other. We left the reader prepared to unite with us in supposing the northern tribes which collected in Mexico, were derived from the present territory of the United States, and from the shores and Islands of the Pacific; and hence the proposed transition will be both easy and natural. Many of the extraordinary conflicts which grew out of this union of various warlike tribes in Mexico, of which we are in the possession of many stirring particulars, hitherto little if at all known, will follow in order of time and place.

From what has been said respecting the remarkable ruins in Central America, no one previously unacquainted with their existence, their magnitude and extent, will have reflected upon them, without *emotions of surprise and astonishment*. That our continent, yes, and our own country, should have been the theatre of extraordinary and continuous events, at the earliest periods of mankind, and that the remains of those periods, the familiar arts of our species, perhaps in the first stages of existence, and the incipient steps of intellectual development, are presented for our wonder and admiration, all around us, while not a fragment of recorded truth has come down through the long and dark interval, is indeed a fact calculated to awaken our curiosity, and enlist our inquiries. And, while this is all true, and while the very relics which so justly astonish us, and which, if rightly investigated, might roll back the darkness of ages, and let in from the remote past a flood of light, is it a matter of less astonishment to every enlightened American, that but few efforts have yet been made to investigate a subject so important to the civilized world? Why, we would ask—and we believe the question is on the lips of every patriotic citizen—why does not our general government take this matter into consideration? Why, when the subject has so long and so imperiously demanded the attention of legislative authority, when our treasury is overflowing, and when the most valuable of these antiquities are rapidly disappearing, in this ‘age of improvement,’ and before the march of cultivation, does not our state and national councils awaken to its importance, and at once make an ample appropriation for its accomplishment? Paltry indeed would be the requisite cost, compared with that incurred for infinitely less valuable purposes; and yet not a solitary effort has been made to call it forth. A few thousand dollars would be all-sufficient for an investigation, which would result both to the honor of our government, and the advancement of a knowledge of our country, and of mankind. Can it be supposed that our government would pass over this subject with indifference, if applied to, and that if the attention of Congress be called to it, by a petition, that petition would be disregarded? We believe not. For one, we would trust the result of an application for this object to the intellect and liberality of that body; nor can we believe that there would be found one among that enlightened assemblage, who would so far compromise his claims to love of country, and his regard for knowledge, as

to oppose it. We need not here point out the advantages which must follow a thorough investigation of the existing, and a faithful inquiry into the past, relics of the ancient inhabitants of our country. Every one, we believe, will at the first glance perceive those advantages, and unite with us in awakening public attention to the importance of a critical examination and description, under the authority of our government, of all the relics of this country, if not those of Central America. It is due to ourselves to observe, in closing this slight digression from our subject, that we were induced, at the commencement of these articles, in a great measure, by a desire to elicit general attention, the more effectually to secure that of Congress, to the all-important objects of a national exploration, illustration, and record, of American Antiquities.

The name of the great and ancient city which has been denominated Palenqua, from the Spanish village some fifteen miles distant, may, from the opinion adopted respecting the earliest Mexicans, the paintings and traditions which they preserved, be called *Huchuetapallan*, *Atzallan*, or *Tulla*. The city of Copan, Ytzalan, or perhaps some other one of the many cities that were inhabited by the first people of the American continent, may also be that referred to by the Mexicans, as the point from whence they wandered. Copan, the first of these, was, beyond doubt, the last city deserted by those primitive inhabitants, and, consequently, is best entitled, we think, to the distinction of being considered the source of the Toultecs; from whence, after wandering about for one hundred and twenty-six years, they arrived at a spot in the Mexican Valley, where they settled, and which they called *Tula*. Waldrick thinks that the *Tultiques* (by which he means, no doubt, the *Toultecs* of Humboldt,) knew nothing, except from tradition, of the extinct nation of Palencians, or Huchuetapallans. This may be true, and yet that nation have been derived from the latter people, inasmuch as they were more than a century on their way, or more than that period of time had elapsed since they left their original city. He thinks, likewise, that the religious worship, the hieroglyphics, nor the architecture, had any connection with the Toultecs or Aztecs. From this we are disposed to dissent, so far as some portions of of their religious worship and architecture are concerned; and more particularly, in consequence of the remarkable coincidence in their respective knowledge of the science of astronomy. There were nevertheless, in the two first particulars, some striking discrepancies; yet even these might be attributable to the union of the Chichimecas, the Aztiques, and other northern nations, with the remnant of the Tultecans, after their arrival in the Valley of Mexico. Notwithstanding it has been thought that the Tultecans possessed a more perfect knowledge of astronomy than any other people of their own or of any subsequent time, except the present, yet we are induced to believe that many, if not all, the primitive inhabitants of the United States, and especially those of the Ohioan valley, were as well versed in that science, as the ancient Mexicans. Hence it is not impossible that the country to which the early Mexican traditions and paintings allude, may have been some city or populous place within that valley, as, for instance, at Circleville, Newark, Chillicothe, or Portsmouth;

or perhaps the site of the ancient stone buildings on the Rio Gila, in New Calafornia, may indicate the spot from whence they emanated.

The before-mentioned traveller, to whom we owe much deference, in the way of description, at least, supposed the ancient city of Palenqua to have been destroyed by a neighboring power, with which the Palencians had a long and desperate war; and that this took place about nine hundred years before the Spanish conquest, or in the year 630 of the Christian era. The neighboring power alluded to, was probably Ehulha, the capital of the kingdom of Tlepallan. The city he supposes to have been taken by assault, and left uninhabited.

The original stock of the Palencians, he concludes, might have been Chaldeans; and he also infers that the Hindoos subsequently made up the principal body of the people. Still, the monuments and buildings bore no remarkable resemblance to those of that people. According to the dates which this devoted explorer has given, the monuments, temples, etc., could not have been long in ruins when the trees which he found growing upon them took root; for, admitting that there had been no previous growth of trees upon those ruins, a circumstance by no means improbable, two hundred and thirty-four years only would be left for the building to have decayed, fallen to the earth, and after all, to have acquired, by a slow and natural process, a sufficient depth of earth for the growth of forest trees, of very great size and age. This is not at all probable. But the inference before stated, as to the date of the destruction of the Palencian city, is shown to have much less probability, from the fact that many of the Palencian buildings are yet standing, and in a tolerable state of preservation, one thousand two hundred and seven years after the supposed destruction of the city. The other buildings throughout this great city, therefore, must have fallen within two hundred and thirty-four years after the city was taken by assault; for it will be recollected that one of the trees cut down by Waldrick, on the top of one of the buildings, was nine hundred and seventy-three years of age! Deducting this period from the previously mentioned dates, and we have the result as above. How long, then, may not the edifices now standing remain, before they shall have crumbled into an indiscriminate mass, and become the foundation of a dense and aged forest, like the others? Certainly more than two hundred and thirty-four years. There can be no more satisfactory reasons for believing that the destruction of the city of Palenqua was the result of a war with a neighboring power, for no concurring facts prove the existence of any such power during that of the Palencian empire. Colonies from that populous nation may have been established, as heretofore stated; and, in fact, distinct divisions of that nation are clearly proved to have existed in the neighboring provinces of Yucatan and Guatemala; yet there are no reasons to conclude that these local divisions rebelled against the general government, or that they destroyed the great metropolis. On the contrary, every thing shows the greatest identity of interests between every part of the empire; the uninterrupted harmony of the people, and the ultimate desertion and destruction of the capital, in consequence of the combined causes of famine, pestilence, and time. Great anxiety is felt for the

important truths which may yet be developed by the key to the hieroglyphics, which Waldrick believes he has discovered, during his twelve years' study, among the extensive ruins, and the expenditure of eight thousand pounds, in deciphering the mysteries of this once powerful people. The characters which every where mark these ruins are still very perfect, and supposed to have phonetic power. How far they will be found to corroborate this or that theory, respecting the origin and history of this remote American people, should the true key have been discovered, remains to be known. Their resemblance to the African alphabets and glyphs, as presented in a tabular view by Professor Rafinesque, is striking in some particulars, yet not sufficiently satisfactory to be considered conclusive. The lovers of the antique, therefore, look with intense interest for farther light upon this subject, from the promised descriptions and illustrations of the enterprising explorer in question. Other descriptive accounts and drawings have added to our acquaintance with the remains of this extraordinary people, some of which, in our possession, are from a gentleman now, and for several years past, on the ruins of the ancient Palencian city. Among the idols found there, one of which is in this city, was an image of massive gold. Numerous articles, tables of hieroglyphics, specimens of sculpture, and of architecture, have been transmitted to Europe, while none of very great importance have been received in this country. Casts of many interesting specimens of art have however been promised, and materials were long since forwarded from this city to Central America, for the purpose of facilitating and securing these valuable works. From no source are we justified in believing that more interesting information will be found, than from the continuous and laborious researches of the before-mentioned traveller, respecting whom a passing remark may not be without interest.

Having resolved to prosecute his inquiries to the greatest extent, after a tedious voyage from Europe, and much vexatious delay, he was admitted to the Mexican museums, where he copied very many curious manuscripts, the finest specimens of sculpture, with other valuable relics of art, descriptions of customs, natural history, scenery, etc., together with a hieroglyphic grammar, and a vocabulary of the Aztec language. Among these, was a copy of an original likeness of Montezuma, the great chief of the Mexicans, when subdued by the Spaniards, and whose melancholy fate, as the victim of Spanish cupidity and bloody tyranny, cannot be unknown to the reader. This portrait was painted by an Italian artist, who accompanied Cortes in his expedition of robbery and murder. Lithographic drawings of the collections of relics in the University of Mexico, were also made, which, if preserved from subsequent plunder, will prove of much importance to the antiquarian. Proceeding thence to the ruins of Palenqua, he labored with enthusiasm for two years among the fragmentary arts of that once opulent city, during which time Santa Anna's revolution deprived him not only of his means of subsistence, but of his invaluable drawings, the result of his long and ambitious labors. Far from being discouraged, or relinquishing in despair his devoted purposes, by this sudden and unexpected act of treachery and paltry theft, by a base government, he continued his re-

searches, pennyless and alone, subsisting upon the wild game which sported in the forest that entombed the wide-spread arts of primeval greatness and splendor. During this time, he made one hundred and nineteen drawings, with a valuable collection of zoological specimens, etc. At length, driven by sheer necessity, he made his way to the province of Yucatan, at a time of famine and pestilence. Here, aided by the liberality of a European gentleman, he turned his attention to the central mountains, where are ruins equal in extent and grandeur to those of the far-famed city of Palenqua. Among the remains of an ancient city in this province, he spent two years more. Although his enthusiasm and wonder had been excited beyond the power of description, at what he had beheld at Palenqua, yet here his ideas were raised to the utmost extent of the imagination. He continued his observations throughout this province and Guatemala, for several years longer; when, after taking many drawings, and critically examining innumerable ruins of antique greatness and labor, he returned to Europe to prepare his researches for publication. Why these have not yet appeared — though their preparation is doubtless attended with much labor and expense — is yet a subject of concern.

Previous to our proposed notice of the magnificent ruins in the province of Yucatan, and of farther particulars respecting those at Palenque, we shall mention the extraordinary ruins of an ancient city in the north of Mexico, recently discovered, and which, with the many other relics of a people beyond all computation as to numbers, and all tradition and history as to antiquity, that have inhabited this continent far and wide, are calculated to increase our astonishment and admiration, as we proceed in our inquiries.

On the acclivity of a mountain, a few miles to the north of Villa Nueva, and about thirty-five to the south of Zalcatecas, are to be seen remarkable and extensive ruins, which clearly indicate the existence at some remote period of a populous and strongly-fortified city. The buildings yet remaining are called by the people there '*Los Edificios*.' These are situated on terraces, formed either by art or nature; and affording a fine view over the valley at the base of the mountain. The location on the declivity of a steep mountain, instead of that afforded by the beautiful plain, was evidently selected for the purpose of defence, which was regarded as of more consequence than mere convenience. The principal buildings are on the south-east side, while the most numerous are on a wide terrace on the east, with the summit of the mountain towering high above the ruins. The largest of these buildings is on the south of the mountain, and upon a terrace projecting from the south-west. It is at present quite insulated, but seems to have been connected, at some distant date, with other buildings on the west. Its longest dimensions are from east to west, which are divided by an opening intended as an entrance. The eastern division is surrounded by a wall, yet in very perfect preservation, eighteen feet high, and eight feet thick. This division of the building is one hundred and thirty-eight feet long, and one hundred wide. At the distance of twenty-three feet from the longer side of this apartment, and nineteen and a half from the short side, are fourteen huge pillars, running around the in-

terior, eleven of which are in good preservation. They are placed at equal distances, so that three are on each of the short sides, and four on each of the long sides. These pillars are eighteen feet high, and seventeen feet in circumference, or more than five and a half feet in diameter! They are perfectly round, without base or capital, and appear to have supported a roof which covered the space from the wall to the pillars, leaving the inner space open. No such roof, however, is now to be seen. The whole interior is covered with high grass. The western division, or apartment, is two hundred and thirty-one feet long, and one hundred and ninety-four feet wide! Unlike the other apartment, the longer side is reversed, or runs from east to west, instead of from north to south. This division of the building has also been surrounded by a wall eight feet thick, and eighteen feet high, but which has not entirely resisted the effects of time. In the centre of this great apartment, is a basin five feet deep, surrounded by a stone wall. From the centre of each of the four sides of the wall, descend broad flights of steps into the basin. A drain is perceived around the basin, lined with stone, and covered with slabs of the same material, which was intended to convey water, no doubt, as it came down the mountain, into the reservoir. These basins, we are inclined to think, were intended for, and used as baths. But one pillar is standing in this apartment. It is of the same height and diameter with those in the other, and, with an equal number, probably, supported a roof over a part of the enclosure around the basin. In the middle of this basin stands a small pyramid, like those to be seen in the other building; but this is now a heap of rubbish. The walls, pyramids, and pillars, are composed of unbewn stones of *trachyte-porphyre*, which being easily split into thin plates, afforded a good and convenient material for the buildings. They are carefully and admirably cemented together, by a composition of black earth, dry grass, roots, etc.

Proceeding from this great building, you ascend by means of artificial terraces, made on the side of the mountain, of innumerable slabs of the porphyritic stone, to a similar building at the north-west. This stands much higher above the plain, and upon a terrace projecting to the south. It has two apartments like the first, one of which contains a basin similar to the one before described. There are no pillars in this building; and, from the size of the apartments, it is thought to have been more difficult to enclose by a roof. There are two truncated pyramids in the basin, both of which are much decayed. One of these is thirty feet square at the base, and thirty feet in height, around which were walls in the form of stairs. The ruins of smaller buildings are perceived on one side of this edifice, forming a labyrinth of small chambers, built in the same style with the other building, but without any roof. A little lower and farther to the eastward, are large mountain-terraces, of masonry, formed of slabs of stone. From these are two ways, which lead down into roads extending beyond the buildings, and conducting onward to a neighboring stream. One of these roads terminates at the stream, while the other appears on the other side of it, and proceeds to heaps of stone which formerly composed a great pyramid. These roads are fourteen feet wide, perfectly straight, and well-paved! At the

west of the principal building, a circular spot appears, from which proceed several roads, like the radii of a circle, some of which run far into the plain. All these roads are raised above the adjacent surface, and paved with stones, along which, it is conjectured, stood the dwellings of the people when the city was in its glory. Numerous pyramids stand in different places, some of which are fifty feet square at the base, and the same in height. Near another building, of the same kind as those described, are two pyramids, from which proceed two roads running around the mountain. These roads are much wider than the others, and are bounded by steep precipices. On the west side of the mountain are numerous buildings, standing upon a terrace, which is inaccessible, except from one side. This terrace is connected on the north with the prominent points of two other mountains; and where an access is possible, in the intervening space, it is blocked up by high walls. In another building, at the south-east ridge, which joins the principal mountain, is a large building, in the basin of which is a pyramid, surrounded by a thick wall, from which descend four flights of stairs, as in some of the other buildings. The passage from this building to the north-west, and toward the ridge of rocks, is guarded by a strong wall, an opening in which allows only a few persons to pass at a time. At the north-west end of the ridge, the access is securely defended by two wide, projecting terraces, which are so constructed as to be capable of defending the only two approachable points; and the whole is still more safely guarded by strong walls.

We have here given a partial description of an ancient city, all traces of whose inhabitants have disappeared in the midnight darkness of the long-lost past. To inquire into the origin of the people who constructed this strongly-fortified place, their history, and the events which have marked their mountain capital, would but mock our anxious curiosity. All has gone down into oblivion, from which no effort can recal a single incident. Untold ages have passed on in gloomy silence, over these adamantine relics of skill and labor, and yet as many more may roll onward, without revealing to the future one ray of light by which to direct human inquiry into their mysterious history. However ancient these ruins may seem, they were, in our opinion, constructed subsequent to the fall of the Tultecan nation. This will appear more clear, when we come to notice other remarkable relics now existing in various parts of Mexico, together with the distinctions which they all present to the ruins of Palenqua. Still, they are of an extraordinary character; and they cannot fail to excite the astonishment of every American, if he reflect upon the strange events which at some very remote time characterized the 'new world,' and even his own country. There are among the remains of this city no appearances of the use of iron tools, save, perhaps, a specimen of sculptured work found among the ruins on the east side of the mountain. This was the representation of a human hand and foot, executed in a block of stone, thirteen feet long, and three feet thick. No other specimens of sculpture, nor any appearance of hieroglyphic, was found in any part of the mountain-city. The labor, therefore, of erecting such immense buildings, terraces, walls, pillars, and pyramids, with the pavements of the streets, must

have been very great and difficult. Tradition says, that numerous memorials and relics were deposited beneath the walls of the massive buildings, the pillars, etc., but this, no doubt, is fabulous, with many other stories which some of the neighboring people relate of the once famous city. It is more than probable, that the large buildings were used as temples for priests, or as palaces for kings, while the people generally dwelt at the base of the mountain, or on the extended plain, and along the paved streets. The strong manner in which the remaining buildings are protected, rendering all approach to them, by an enemy, quite impossible, goes far to confirm the opinion as to their sacred character, etc.

Yucatan, as has heretofore been intimated, presents a series of ancient ruins of the most remarkable kind, most of which were, without doubt, cœval with those of Palenque. They are scattered throughout the province; but in the mountainous districts, they are on a scale of the greatest magnitude. A recent traveller, who had passed over those mountains, says that they were strewed in his way throughout his route. In the more level parts of the country, many large edifices are yet standing; and remains of similar structures are traced almost to the extremity of that province, stretching eastward to the Atlantic. The vast and superb city of Ytzalan, before alluded to, must have vied with the great Palencian capital itself. It was twenty-five miles in length, from north to south, and two miles in breadth, from east to west! The monuments are here in a state of great preservation, and exhibit much of their pristine grandeur and splendor. A more particular description of this ancient and magnificent city will be given on the receipt of intelligence promised us from abroad, by one who for years explored its ruins.

The intimate connection which existed between the ancient inhabitants of this province and the Palencians, by means of great and navigable rivers, through which was maintained a rich and flourishing commerce, the evident analogy to the manners, customs, and religion, evinced by their relics, and the similarity of their buildings, are presumed to exhibit satisfactory proof of their having composed a part of the Tultique nation. The same style of architecture is every where perceivable.

About fifty miles south from Merida, are extensive remains of ancient stone edifices. One very large building, yet standing in good preservation, and called by the natives *Oxmatal*, is six hundred feet in length, on each side! It stands on an artificial eminence, sixty feet in height. The corridors, pillars, and apartments, are decorated throughout with figures in medio-relief, which are embellished by serpents, lizards, and other devices, in stucco-work. There are also numerous statues of men, having palms in their hands, and in the attitude of dancing, beating drums, etc. These, it will be perceived, resemble those described at Palenqua and Copan. Twenty-five miles north of Merida are likewise numerous ruins, and they continue to increase in number, as you advance in that direction. Here once must have been another large and populous city; to what extent, we are unable to say. The buildings are all in ruins, some of the walls only exhibiting their great dimensions. In the present town of Mani, on the river Lagatos, there are also other ruins of very ancient edifices. A pillory is said to stand in the principal

square, of a conical shape, and built of stones. At the southward of this, rises a large and ancient stone palace, which is said to have been occupied by an Indian sovereign, called Htulrio, at the time of the conquest, about three hundred years ago. This chief was compelled to relinquish his palace to the holy Franciscan friars, and afterward to his military conquerors, as a hospital. The building resembles the large one remaining at Palenque; but all tradition respecting it was lost, before the time of Htulrio, its sovereign occupant. He is said to have replied to the inquiries respecting its origin, that he only knew that it had been occupied from time immemorial by his ancestors. All else was lost in the lapse of ages.

Other extensive ruins are to be seen, for a great distance, on the road from Marida to Bacalar; and, indeed, from various sources, we are informed they may be seen scattered throughout this extensive province. What inference are we then to draw, in relation to its ancient condition and population? How numerous and comparatively happy must have been its people? By an effort of the imagination, let the mind recal the period of its glory and happiness, and contrast it with its present condition. Where once stood proud and stately edifices of 'eternal granite,' in all their fair proportions, ornamented throughout by figures, hieroglyphics, and ingenious devices of sculpture or of stucco, are now seen only huge and unseemly masses of rubbish. Where once was heard, far and wide, the busy hum of life, the voice of crowded streets, thronged marts, and overflowing temples, the still and solemn air is disturbed only by the tiny notes of the insect, and the fearful howling of savage beasts. All is wild, solitary, dismal! No human voice is heard among the mouldering arts that once echoed and reechoed its familiar sounds. Millions of our species have come and gone, since they were the pride of those who reared them. But no memorial has outlived the giant fabrics of their hands, nor is a tradition left behind, to guide the strange people that now gaze in wonder upon their ruins. Alas! thus may it be said of us, of our arts, of our cities, and of all the nations of the earth, when *they* too shall become

'Like the remembered tones of a mute lyre!'

SONNET.

'And as I slept, I dreamed a dream.' — BUNYAN.

I DREAMED I stood before the throne of Him
 Who wields the universe — his judgment-throne.
 Archangels, on each side, and seraphim,
 A countless host, in deep'ning phalanx shone.
 I dared not raise my eyes — trembled each limb;
 When to my ears came rushing a dread tone,
 Like to the roar of waters, in the dim
 Tempestuous night, that ride the sea shore lone:
 'Mortal! I summon thee to hear thy doom,
 For evil, worshipp'd ere the marble tomb
 Enclosed thee: hearken!' Then, with inward moan,
 I answered: 'Thou did'st make me from the clay,
 And, gave me passions I could not disown:
 So can'st thou purify, and bid me stay!'

December 30, 1837.

VOL. XI.

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G. W. C.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

'ETERNAL powers!' exclaimed the injured lover; 'twenty dollars! as the price of blighted hope and crushed affection—a youth of misery, and a death of despair' I scorn the base compromise with feeling! I will take a hundred and fifty, and not a cent less!'

SANDS' 'SCENES AT WASHINGTON.'

They loved, and their plighted hearts were bound
By many a golden tie;
Her love was told in a woman's way,
By her moisture-loving eye;
And he—that his heart was hers alone,
Nobody could deny.

But at last, the fresh green leaf of love
Faded, as leaves will fade;
A pale and a withered thing it grew,
With the lover and the maid,
And the hapless damsel daily sighed
O'er a trusting heart betrayed.

Then very pale grew her tear-traced cheek,
And her eye waned sad and dim,
And the step was languid, that so oft
Had bounded to welcome him;
And her heart seemed filled with bitterness,
Up even to the brim.

They looked on her face, and they went away,
To murmur low words apart,
And often meanwhile they sought to soothe
Her grief, with their love-taught art,
As they hoped a healing balm to find
For the crushed and broken heart.

Then they took her into a crowded court,
And she told of his falseness there;
No word of love he had breathed to her,
Did she fondly wish to spare,
Nor the ring that circled her finger still,
Nor the hidden lock of hair.

And then they called for a lawyer's knife,
To sever the ribbon blue,
That bound the notes he had written her,
And all for the lawyer's view;
And the miniature he had given her,
Was torn from her bosom too!

On that pictured face, by the curious throng,
The careless glance was thrown,
And it answered back with the self-same smile
It had worn for her alone;
Sure, such a winning smile of love
Would soften a heart of stone.

But the youth himself smiled not on her,
For his heart to love was steeled;
So they told him to pay her gold instead,
And he thought it best to yield;
And from that hour, the broken heart
By the shining gold was healed!

THE 'REJECTED ADDRESSES.'

IN TWO PARTS — PART ONE.

TASTEFUL and fun-loving Reader! — you can scarcely conceive the delight which we experienced, a few days since, in chancing upon a long-treasured copy of that teeming volume, the 'Rejected Addresses,' by the Brothers SMITH. 'Right away, immediately, pretty quick,' (to adopt the Frenchman's climax,) we sat down and devoured it up; pausing the while only to give way to those 'laughing shocks' which batter at the ribs till they shake, nothing loth to be so shaken.' As the work is exceedingly rare — we judge from a twelve-months' unsuccessful search through half a dozen cities for a single copy — we shall venture, in a couple of numbers, to open a new mine of intellectual riches to nine in ten of our readers, by a brief review of, and adequate extracts from, the choice little book in question.

In August, 1812, an advertisement appeared in the London daily journals, from the 'Drury-Lane Theatre Committee,' announcing that they were desirous of promoting a fair and free competition for an Address, to be spoken upon the opening of the new Theatre, which had just arisen from its ashes. The compositions were to be sealed up, 'with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author,' which was not to be opened, unless containing the name of the successful candidate. One hundred and twelve addresses, according to the preface, were sent in, 'as per order' of contract, by the gross, 'some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of no talent.' The editor does not deem it necessary to mention how he became possessed of so 'large a lot' of verse; but proceeds to cull what had the appearance of flowers from what possessed the reality of weeds, and in so doing, diminished his collection to twenty-one! The effusions discarded by the compiler are said to have borne a close resemblance to each other, every one having caged that much-abused bird, the Phoenix, in a simile. The fact that the published addresses failed of selection by the committee, is accounted for on the ground that they were penned in a metre unusual on similar occasions, and were deficient in that indispensable theatrical art, called '*touch and go*.' In addition to the addresses, the editor states, that 'above one hundred spectacles, melodramas, operas, and pantomimes, were transmitted, beside the first two acts of one legitimate comedy.' Some of these evinced, it is added, 'considerable smartness of manual dialogue, and several brilliant repartees of chairs, tables, and other inanimate wits,' but were nevertheless unrepresentable.

In selecting a few specimens of these 'Rejected Addresses,' we shall confine ourselves mainly to the imitations of well-known English writers. The finely-tempered yet pungent satire which pervades them, was as much enjoyed, we have been informed, by the lampooned authors themselves, as by the public at large, who speedily swallowed up some ten or fifteen editions of the work. The opening effusion is a hit at the *pseudo* poet-laureate, FITZGERALD, whose muse

labors to attribute the burning of the theatre to that 'arch apostate, Boney,' and to lug in, 'by ear and horn,' some compliment to the reigning powers. The editor has well illustrated, in his successful counterpart of a loyal address, the truth of Goldsmith's remark, that 'there is not in nature a more dismal figure, than a man who sits down to premeditated flattery. Every line he writes, tacitly reproaches the meanness of his occupation; till at last his stupidity becomes more stupid, and his dullness more diminutive.' The laureate begins thus:

'Hail, glorious edifice, stupendous work!
God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!
Ye Muses! by whose aid I cry down Fox,
Grant me in Drury-Lane a private box!'

After some 'exciting particulars' in the political history of 'Gallia's stern despot,' to whose charge are laid all the sins in the calendar, Mr. Fitzgerald proceeds:

'Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent-Garden and of Drury-Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
'The tree of freedom is the British oak!' }
Bless every man possessed of aught to give;
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live;
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet,
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte,
God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off;
And oh, in Downing-street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil!'

BYRON's contribution bears the caption 'CUI BONO?' — and all who have read 'Childe Harold,' will not need to be told, how completely the writer has embodied the train of thought and style of a portion of that renowned poem. We annex several stanzas:

I.

'SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

II.

'Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way,
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb:
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

III.

'Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief,
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 't is the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

IV.

'Albeit how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that daunceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e,
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream;
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
A while of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where nought is certain, save th' uncertainty of fate?

V.

'This goodly pile, upheav'd by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,
Again red Lemnos' artizan may spoil;
The fire alarm, and midnight drum may beat,
And all be strew'd ysmoking at your feet.
Start ye? Perchance Death's angel may be sent,
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat,
And ye who met on revel idlesse bent,
May find in pleasure's fane your grave and monument.

VI.

'Your debts mount high — ye plunge in deeper waste,
The tradesman calls — no warning voice ye hear;
The plaintiff sues — to public shews ye haste;
The bailiff threatens — ye feel no idle fear;
Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of truth?'
* * * *

VIII.

'For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steep'd in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl:
Shakspeare, how true thine adage, 'fair is foul';
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.

IX.

'Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black,
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempe's grove,
But pacing Grub-street on a jaded hack,
What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce in rags the rags ye blot in song.

x.

'So fares the follower in the Muses' train,
 He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
 We slight him till our patronage is vain,
 Then round his skeleton a garland wreath,
 And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe;
 Oh! with what tragic horror would he start,
 (Could he be conjur'd from the grave beneath,
 To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
 And elephants and colts down trample Shakspeare's art.'

COBBETT transmits his address to the secretary, under cover of a characteristic letter, in which he does not hesitate to give the manager a 'lick with the rough side of his tongue.' The reader will note his interrogatory manner, and how he replies, rejoins, confutes, and still confutes, as in the political articles which made his 'Register' so famous among the English yeomanry. The letter runs thus:

'SIR: To the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme*, (invented by the monks to enslave the people,) I have a rooted objection. I have therefore written an address for your theatre in plain, homespun, yeoman's *prose*; in the doing whereof, I hope I am swayed by nothing but an *independent* wish to open the eyes of this gulled people, to prevent a repetition of the dramatic *bamboozling* they have hitherto labored under. If you like what I have done, and mean to make use of it, I don't want any such *aristocratic* reward as a piece of plate with two griffins sprawling upon it, or a *dog* and a *jackass* fighting for a ha'p'orth of *gilt gingerbread*, or any such Bartholomew Fair nonsense. All I ask is, that the door-keepers of your play-house may take all the *sets of my Register*, now on hand, and *force* every body who enters your doors to buy one, giving afterward a debtor and creditor account of what they have received, *post-paid*, and in due course remitting me the money and unsold Registers, *carriage-paid*.

'I am, etc.,

W. C.'

The address is to be spoken in the character of a Hampshire Farmer, and bears the following motto, from Ovid:

—— 'Rabida qui concitus ira
 Implevit pariter ternis latratibus auras
 Et sparsit virides spumis albetibus agros.'

'MOST THINKING PEOPLE: When persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, your servant.' If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and *brute beast* enough, to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are *not* Ladies and Gentlemen, but I hope something better, that is to say, honest men and women; and in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies, and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, *nor ever will be*, your humble servant. You see me here, *most thinking people*, by mere chance. I have not been within the doors of a play-house before for these ten years, nor till that abominable custom of taking money at the doors is discontinued, will I ever sanction a theatre with my presence. The stage door is the only gate of *freedom* in the whole edifice, and

through that I made my way from Bagshaw's in Brydges-street, to accost you. Look about you. Are you not all comfortable? Nay, never slink, mun; speak out, if you are dissatisfied, and tell me so before I leave town. You are now, (thanks to *Mr. Whitbread*,) got into a large, comfortable house. Not into a *gimcrack palace*; not into a *Solomon's Temple*; not into a frost-work of Brobdignag filagree; but into a plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, *brown, brick play-house*. You have been struggling for independence and elbow-room these three years; and who gave it you? Who helped you out of Lilliput? Who routed you from a rat-hole, five inches by four, to perch you in a palace? Again and again I answer, *Mr. Whitbread*. You might have sweltered in that place with the Greek name till Doomsday, and neither *Lord Castlereagh*, *Mr. Canning*, no, nor the *Marquis Wellesley*, would have turned a trowel to help you out! Remember that. Never forget that. Read it to your children, and to your children's children! And now, *most thinking people*, cast your eyes over my head to what the builder, (I beg his pardon, the architect,) calls the *proscenium*. No motto, no slang, no popish Latin, to keep the people in the dark. No *Veluti in Speculum*. Nothing in the dead languages, properly so called, for they ought to die, ay, and be *damned* to boot! The Covent Garden Manager tried that, and a pretty business he made of it! When a man says *Veluti in Speculum*, he is called a man of letters. Very well; and is not a man who cries O. P. a man of letters too? You ran your O. P. against his *Veluti in Speculum*, and pray which beat? I prophesied that, though I never told any body.

'I take it for granted, that every intelligent man, woman, and child, to whom I address myself, has stood severally and respectively in Little Russel-street, and cast their, his, her, and its eyes on the outside of this building, before they paid their money to view the inside. Look at the brick work, *English Audience*! Look at the brick work! All plain and smooth like a quakers' meeting. None of your Egyptian pyramids, to entomb subscribers' capitals. No overgrown colonnades of stone, like an alderman's gouty legs, in white cotton stockings, fit only to use as rammers for paving Tottenham Court Road. This house is neither after the model of a temple in Athens, no, nor a temple in *Moorfields*, but it is built to act English plays in, and provided you have good scenery, dresses, and decorations, I dare say you would n't break your hearts if the outside were as plain as the pike-staff I used to carry when I was a sergeant. *Apropos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats; *apropos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Macbeth*, with more gold and silver plaistered on their doublets, than would have kept an honest family in butchers' meat and flannel from year's end to year's end! I am informed, now mind, I do not vouch for the fact, but I am informed, that all such extravagant idleness is to be done away with here. Lady Macbeth is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob cap*, (as the court parasites call it; it will be well for them if, one of these days, they do n't wear a mob cap—I mean a *white cap*, with a *mob* to look at them;) and Macbeth is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat, and a pair of

black calamanco breeches. Not *Sal-amanca* ; no, nor *Talavera* neither, my most Noble Marquis, but plain, honest, black calamanco, stuff breeches. This is right ; this is as it should be. *Most thinking people*, I have heard you much abused. There is not a compound in the language but is strung fifty in a rope, like onions, by the Morning Post, and hurled in your teeth. You are called the mob, and when they have made you out to be the mob, you are called the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth — not *cheap soup*, *Mr. Wilberforce*, not soup for the poor at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horse's legs, brick dust, and old shoes was denominated, but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth ; take this, examine it, and you will find — mind, I do n't vouch for the fact, but I am told you will find, the dregs at the bottom, and the scum at the top. I will endeavor to explain this to you : England is a large *earthen-ware pipkin*. John Bull is the *beef* thrown into it. Taxes are the *hot water* he boils in. Rotten boroughs are the *fuel* that blazes under this same pipkin. Parliament is the *ladle* that stirs the hodge-podge, and sometimes — but hold, I do n't wish to pay *Mr. Newman* a second visit. I leave you better off than you have been this many a day. You have a good house over your head ; you have beat the French in Spain ; the harvest has turned out well ; the comet keeps its distance ; and red slippers are hawked about in Constantinople for next to nothing ; and for all this, *again and again* I tell you, you are indebted to *Mr. Whitebread* !! !

SIR WALTER SCOTT was surely never so closely imitated, in prose or verse, as in the 'Tale of Drury.' It was directed to be spoken by Mr. KEMBLE, in a suit of the Black Prince's armor, borrowed from the Tower. Is there a single reader of 'Marmion,' who can resist the admirable wit and spirit of this broad burlesque ?

'Survey this shield all bossy bright ;
These cuisses twain behold ;
Look on my form in armor dight
Of steel inlaid with gold.
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles ;
These once belong'd to sable prince,
Who never did in battle wince ;
With valor tart as pungent quince,
He slew the vaunting Gaul :
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,
While from green curtain I advance
To yon foot-lights, no trivial dance,
And tell the town what sad mischance
Did Drury Lane befall.

The Night.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast
A spangled light, like dancing spray,
Then reassumed its still array :
When as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power,
That cot and castle, hall and bower,

And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appear'd to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul,
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden
Town,
To Redriff, Shadwell, Horselydown,
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep reposed :
They might have thought, who gazed
around,
Amid a silence so profound,
It made the senses thrill,
That 't was no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead,
All was so hushed and still.

The Burning.

As chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes :
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames ;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The Playhouse is in flames !'

And lo ! where Catherine-street extends,
 A fiery tail its lustre lends
 To every window pane :
 Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
 And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
 And Covent Garden kennels sport
 A bright ensanguin'd drain ;
 Meux's new brew-house shows the light,
 Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
 Where patent shot they sell :
 The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
 Partakes the ray, with Surgeon's Hall,
 The ticket porters' house of call,
 Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
 Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
 And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
 Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
 To distant fields the blaze was borne,
 And daisy white and hoary thorn
 In borrowed lustre seem'd to sham
 The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.

To those who on the hills around
 Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
 As from a lofty altar rise ;
 It seem'd that nations did conspire,
 To offer to the God of fire
 Some vast stupendous sacrifice !
 The summon'd firemen woke at call,
 And hied them to their stations all.
 Starting from short and broken snooze,
 Each sought his pond'rous hob-nail'd
 shoes,
 But first his worsted hosen plied,
 Plush breeches next in crimson died,
 His nether bulk embraced ;
 Then jacket thick of red or blue,
 Whose massy shoulder gave to view
 The badge of each respective crew,
 In tin or copper traced.
 The engines thunder'd thro' the street,
 Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
 And torches glared, and clattering feet
 Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
 Erom Charing Cross along the Strand,
 Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
 Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
 The burning badge his shoulder bore,
 The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
 The cane he had his men to bang,
 Show'd foreman of the British gang.
 His name was Higginbottom ; now
 'Tis meet that I should tell you how
 The others came in view :
 The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
 Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
 Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
 The Eagle, where the new ;
 With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
 Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
 Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
 Crump from St. Giles's Pound :

Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
 Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
 And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
 Before the plug was found.
 Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
 But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
 For both were in the Donjon Keep
 Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
 For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;
 Without, within, in hideous show,
 Devouring flames resistless glow,
 And blazing rafters downward go,
 And never halloo 'heads below !

Nor notice give at all :
 The firemen, terrified, are slow
 To bid the pumping torrent flow,
 For fear the roof should fall.
 Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !
 Whitford, keep near the walls !
 Huggins, regard your own behoof,
 For lo ! the blazing rocking roof
 Down, down in thunder falls !

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
 And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
 Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
 Conceal'd them from th' astonished crowd.
 At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
 When lo ! amid the wreck uprear'd,
 Gradual a moving head appear'd,
 And Eagle firemen knew
 'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
 The foreman of their crew.
 Loud shouted all in signs of wo,
 'A Muggins to the rescue, ho !'
 And pour'd the hissing tide :
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
 And strove and struggled all in vain,
 For rallying but to fall again,
 He tottered, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,
 To succor one they loved so well ?
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire,)
 His brother chief to save ;
 But ah ! his reckless generous ire
 Served but to share his grave !
 Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
 Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
 Where Muggins broke before.
 But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,
 He sunk to rise no more !
 Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
 Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
 You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
 Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps !
 What are they fear'd on ? fools ! 'od ro'er'em !
 Were the last words of Higginbottom !

THAT ancient Cerberus of criticism, Dr. JOHNSON, figures in all his unworldliness and prolixity ; and his skill in logomachi descends, like a mantle, upon his successor. Mark the pompous truisms, and

the 'words of learned length and thundering sound.' In the stage directions, we are told: 'Ghost of Dr. JOHNSON rises from trap-door, on one side, and Ghost of BOSWELL from trap-door on the other. The latter bows respectfully to the house, and obsequiously to the Doctor's Ghost, and retires.' *Literary Leviathan, loquitur*:

'THAT which was organized by the moral ability of one, has been executed by the physical effort of many, and DRURY LANE THEATRE is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain, which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the committee. Truth, however, is not to be sacrificed for the accommodation of either; and he who should pronounce that our edifice has received its final embellishment, would be disseminating falsehood without incurring favor, and risking the disgrace of detection without participating the advantage of success.

'Professions lavishly effused and parsimoniously verified are alike inconsistent with the precepts of innate rectitude and the practice of external policy: let it not then be conjectured, that because we are unassuming, we are imbecile; that forbearance is any indication of despondency, or humility of demerit. He that is the most assured of success, will make the fewest appeals to favor; and where nothing is claimed that is undue, nothing that is due will be withheld. A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Partrurient mountains have ere now produced muscicular abortions; and the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with final vulgarity, is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople, who solemnly perambulate her streets, exclaiming, 'In the name of the Prophet — figs!'

'Of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others, the exertions are directed to the revival of mouldering and obscure dramas; to endeavors to exalt that which is now rare, only because it was always worthless, and whose deterioration, while it condemned it to living obscurity, by a strange obliquity of moral perception, constitutes its title to posthumous renown. To embody the flying colors of folly; to arrest evanescence; to give to bubbles the globular consistency as well as form; to exhibit on the stage the pyebald denizen of the stable, and the half-reasoning parent of combs; to display the brisk locomotion of Columbine, or the tortuous attitudenizing of Punch; these are the occupations of others, whose ambition, limited to the applause of unintellectual fatuity, is too innocuous for the application of satire, and too humble for the incitement of jealousy.

Our refectory will be found to contain every species of fruit, from the cooling nectarine and luscious peach, to the puny pippin and the noxious nut. There Indolence may repose, and Inebriety revel; and the spruce apprentice, rushing in at second account, may there chatter with impunity, debarred by a barrier of brick and mortar from marring that scenic interest in others, which nature and education have disqualified him from comprehending himself.

'Permanent stage doors we have none. That which is permanent

cannot be removed, for if removed, it soon ceases to be permanent. What stationary absurdity can vie with that ligneous barricado, which decorated with frapant and tintinabulant appendages, now serves as the entrance of the lowly cottage, and now as the exit of a lady's bed-chamber; at one time insinuating plastic Harlequin into a butcher's shop, and at another, yawning as a flood-gate to precipitate the Cyprians of St. Giles' into the embraces of Macheath. To elude this glaring absurdity; to give to each respective mansion the door which the carpenter would doubtless have given; we vary our portal with the varying scene, passing from deal to mahogany, and from mahogany to oak, as the opposite claims of cottage, palace, or castle, may appear to require.'

In submitting the address of CRABBE, we must ask the attention of his familiar reader to the 'syllabus' or 'argument' which precedes the text. Certainly, it is not less admirable in its 'keeping,' than the main article itself, which is the perfection of imitation. It runs as follows: 'Interior of a Theatre described; Pit gradually fills. The Check-taker. Pit full. The orchestra tuned. One fiddler rather dilatory. Is reproved — and repents. Evolutions of a play-bill; its final settlement on the spikes. The gods taken to task — *and why.* * * Holywell-street, St. Pancras. Emanuel Jennings binds his son Apprentice. Not in London — and why. Episode of the Hat.' But to the poetry:

'Tis sweet to view from half past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamp-lighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury-Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

'At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

'Now the full benches, to late comers, doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing room*.

'Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling 'Pit full,' gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still, the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam. }

'See to their desks Apollo's sons repair;
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair;
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French-horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.

Now all seems hush'd — but no, one fiddle will
 Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still;
 Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
 Reproves with frowns the dilatory man;
 Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
 Nods a new signal, and away they go.

'Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, 'Hats off,'
And ayeed Consumption checks his chided cough,
 Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
 Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above;
 Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
 Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
 But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
 And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
 Till sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
 It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl:
 Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
 And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

'Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
 Who 's that calls 'Silence!' with such leathern lungs!
 He, who, in quest of quiet, 'silence!' hoots,
 Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.'

After describing a motley group of play-goers, among whom are :

'The lottery cormorant, the auction-shark,
 The full-priced master, and the half-price clerk;
 Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
 With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
 Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
 And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs;'

He passes to the 'episode of the hat:'

'John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
 Was footman to Justinian Stubbs Esquire;
 But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
 Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs' shoes.
 Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
 Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ;
 In Holywell Street St. Pancras he was bred,
 (At number twenty-seven, it is said,) }
 Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head:
 He would have bound him to some shop in town,
 But with a premium he could not come down;
 Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd youth,
 Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

'Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
 The muse shall tell an accident she saw.

'Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
 But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
 Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
 And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
 How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
 Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
 Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
 And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
 Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
 John Mullins whispers, 'Take my handkerchief.'
 'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a line;'
 'Take mine,' cried Wilson, and cried Stokes, 'take mine.'
 A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.

Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
 Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue, }
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band,
 Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
 Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regained,
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.'

It would be doing injustice to Mr. CRABBE, to omit the 'preface of apologies' which accompanied his communication. He says:

'A few words of explanation may be deemed necessary on my part, to avert invidious misrepresentation. The animadversion I have thought it right to make on the noise created by tuning the orchestra, will, I hope, give no lasting remorse to any of the gentlemen employed in the band. It is to be desired that they would keep their instruments ready tuned, and strike off at once. This would be an accommodation to many well-meaning persons who frequent the theatre, who not being blest with the ear of St. Cecilia, mistake the tuning for the overture, and think the latter concluded before it is begun.

—— 'One fiddle will
 Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still,'

was originally written 'one hautboy will;' but having providentially been informed, when this poem was upon the point of being sent off, that there is but one hautboy in the band, I averted the storm of popular and managerial indignation from the head of its blower; as it now stands 'one fiddle' among many, the faulty individual will, I hope, escape detection. The story of the flying play-bill is calculated to expose a practice much too common, of pinning play-bills to the cushions, insecurely, and frequently, I fear, not pinning them at all. If these lines save one play-bill only from the fate I have recorded, I shall not deem my labor ill employed. The concluding episode of Patrick Jennings, glances at the boorish fashion of wearing the hat in the one shilling gallery. Had Jennings thrust his between his feet at the commencement of the play, he might have leaned forward with impunity, and the catastrophe I relate would not have occurred. The line of handkerchiefs formed to enable him to recover his loss, is purposely so crossed in texture and materials, as to mislead the reader in respect to the real owner of any one of them. For, in the satirical view of life and manners which I occasionally present, my clerical profession has taught me how extremely improper it would be, by any allusion, however slight, to give any uneasiness, however trivial, to any individual, however foolish or wicked.'

With the subjoined choice bit of COLERIDGE, we close our quotations for Part One. It may be necessary to remind the reader, that the original bard once made overtures of intimacy to a jackass; but the 'babbling, jingling simplicity,' and the speculative philosophy,

upon trivial matters, need no explanation. The 'likeness' cannot fail of being recognised :

' My pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware;
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad ! and you are sad, my Public !

' Joy should be yours : this tenth day of October
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks
That hid our ruins : many a day I cried,
' Ah me ! I fear they never will rebuild it !'
Till on one eve, one joyful Monday eve,
As along Charles-street I prepared to walk,
Just at the corner, by the pastry-cook's,
I heard a trowel tick against a brick !
I look'd me up, and strait a parapet
Uprose at least seven inches o'er the planks.
* * * * * ' From that hour,
As leisure offer'd, close to Mr Spring's
Box-office door, I've stood and eyed the builders.
They had a plan to render less their labors;
Workmen in elder times would mount a ladder
With hodded heads, but these stretch'd forth a pole
From the wall's pinnacle; they placed a pulley
Athwart the pole, a rope athwart the pulley;
To this a basket dangled; mortar and bricks
Thus freighted, swung securely to the top,
And in the empty basket workmen twain
Precipitate, unhurt, accosted earth.

' Oh ! 't was a goodly sound to hear the people
Who watch'd the work, express their various thoughts !
While some believed it never would be finished,
Some, on the contrary, believed it would.

* * * * *
' Oh Mr. Whitbread ! fie upon you, Sir !
I think you should have built a colonnade;
When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet closer round her throat,
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow,
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa,
Cries, ' There you go !— this comes of play-houses !'
To build no portico is penny wise:
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish !'

' Amid the freaks that modern fashion sanctions,
It grieves me much to see live animals
Brought on the stage.

* * * * *
' Nought born on earth should die. On hackney stands
I reverence the coachman who cries ' Gee !'
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a butcher, with horn-handled knife,
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick !'

The 'Baby's Début,' of WORDSWORTH, 'Drury's Dirge,' by
'LAURA MATILDA,' MOORE's 'Living Lustres,' 'The Rebuilding,' by
SOUTHEY, and 'Fire and Ale,' by 'the horrid Monk LEWIS,' will
form the subjects of another and concluding number. c.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

SILENCE, and night! it is the time for thought;
 And the lone dreamer turns his wearied eye,
 Out from the casement, up to the dim stars,
 And deems that from those rolling worlds comes to him
 A cheering voice. How beautiful they are —
 Those sparkling lamps in that eternal void!
 They seem like gems upon the crown of Him —
 The Lord! the crucified! They still hang there,
 Bright, as when bursting on this lower world
 Then heaving into beauty — the fair lands,
 Valleys and hills; the streams, the lakes, the seas
 With their blue depths; the ocean with its waves
 Restless forever — as when these burst forth,
 And over them God spread this canopy
 Of grandeur and of glory! There they hang,
 Emblems of his great hand who placed them there,
 And bade them roll to one eternal hymn
 Of heavenly harmony! Away — away —
 Farther and farther on, thought flies; and yet
 Reaches them not. Beyond the wild blue track
 Of this our world, it sweeps; beyond the track
 Of that ring'd orb, the heathen deified,
 Old Saturn named; beyond the path of that
 They called the Thunderer; ay, and beyond
 The track sublime, of our great burning orb,
 Hanging alone in heaven — beyond all these,
 Thought, seraph-wing'd, sweeps daringly — and yet
 Reaches not the first trace of those far fires,
 Glowing yet never fading; myriads burning
 In the blue concave, where no thought may pierce,
 Save the Eternal's. And yet those bright orbs
 Created were, and in harmonious march
 Traverse the air together. Not one of all
 Those sparkling points of scarce distinguishable flame,
 But hath its part and place in that grand scheme
 Fixed by the God of Heaven. Laws, times, place, motions,
 All these each hath; and there they roll for ever,
 Changing and yet unchanged. The wilder'd mind
 Turns from the scene amazed, and asks itself
 If this *can* be!

And yet, how fancy dreams
 Of those bright worlds! Tell us, ye unseen influences,
 Ye that do gather round us in these hours
 When the impassion'd world lies locked in sleep,
 And the day's whirl is over — tell us here,
 What are those rolling worlds! Are there bright scenes,
 Such as we dream of here? Are there fair realms,
 Robed in such hues as this? Do wild hills, there,
 Heave their high tops to such a bright blue heaven
 As this which spans our world? Have they rocks there,
 Ragged and thunder-rent, through whose wild chasms
 Leap the white cataracts, and wreath the woods
 With rainbow coronets? Spread such bright vales
 There in the sunlight, cots and villages,
 Turrets, and towers, and temples — dwell these there,
 Glowing with beauty? Wilderness and wild,
 Heaving and rolling their green tops, and ringing
 With the glad notes of myriad-colored birds,
 Singing of happiness — have they these there?
 Spread such bright plains there to th' admiring eye,
 Veined by glad brooks, that, to the loose white stones,
 Tell their complaint all day? Waves, spreading sheets,
 That mirror the white clouds, and moon, and stars,
 Making a mimic heaven? Streams, mighty streams —
 Waters, resistless floods, that, rolling on,
 Gather like seas, and heave their waves about,

Mocking the tempest? Ocean, those vast tides,
 Tumbling about the globe with a wild roar,
 From age to age? And tell us, do those worlds
 Change like our own? Comes there, the soothing spring,
 Soft and sweet-voiced; and in his hands the wealth
 Of leaves to deck the forest; flowers, and scatter'd
 In the green vales and on the slopes, to fling
 Over a faëry world; and feathery winds,
 And airs, and smiling sunshine, birds and bees,
 Filling the soft savannas with the sound
 Of their low murmurings? Have they the months
 Of the full summer, with its skies, and clouds,
 And suns, and showers, and soothing fragrance, sent
 Up from a thousand tubes? And autumn, too,
 Pensive and pale — do these sweet days come there,
 Wreathing the wilderness with such gay bands
 Of brightness and of beauty, till the earth,
 Late fresh and flowering, seems like some fair bride
 Met in the month of dalliance, with the frost
 Of a too killing sorrow? And, sublime —
 Within his grasp the whirlwinds, and his brows
 White with the storm of ages, and his breath
 Fettering the streams, and ribbing the old hills
 With ice, and sleet, and snow; and far along
 The sounding ocean's side, his frosty chains
 Flinging, till the wild waves grow mute, or mutter
 Only in their dread caves — old Winter! he —
 Have you *him* there? And tell us, hath a God,
 Sentient and wise, placed there the abstruser realm
 Of thinking and of feeling? Have ye minds,
 Grasping and great like ours? And reaching souls
 That, spurning their prison, burst away, and soar
 Up to a mightier converse, than the rounds
 Of a dull, daily being? And warm hearts,
 Do they dwell there? Hearts fondly lock'd to hearts,
 Into each other's natures pouring, wild,
 Floods of deep feeling, and a life so sweet,
 Death doth but make it sweeter? Have ye dreamers —
 Young hearts — proud souls — that catch from every thing,
 A greatness and a grandeur of delight,
 That common souls feel not? Souls that do dwell
 Only in thoughts of beauty, linking forth
 Into one mystic chain the fadeless flowers
 And wreaths of immortality? — that dwell
 Only to think and feel, and be the slaves
 Of a sad nature? — and, when life is over,
 Only to take the charnel with the hope,
 A star may hang above them for the eye
 Of the far slumbering ages?

False, false, all —
 And vain the wing of fancy to explore
 The track of angels! Vain thought, to fold back
 This gorgeous canopy, and send the eye
 On to those realms of glory! — and the dreamer
 Turns on his couch again, and feels the nothingness
 Of poor humanity. Eternal One!
 Thou who dost look on all — the great, the good,
 Humbled or hoping — pride, or the poor wretch
 Laid on his couch of misery — thou dost watch,
 And thou hast power o'er all! Thou hast alone,
 Wrapp'd in thine own immensity, the power
 To paint a leaf, or roll ten thousand worlds
 Around the universe! O, let the heart
 Pained and in sickness here, lay its poor hope
 Low at thy feet; and trust that thou, at last,
 When thou shalt shake these heavens, and rend away
 The pillars of the universe, wilt save
 This glimmering mind now here, to be a star,
 Bright, for some other world!

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF A TRAVELLER IN THE EAST.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE interest that has recently been excited throughout all Europe, by the efforts for renewing the ancient communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, on the one hand, and the opening of the route to India, by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, on the other, has directed public attention to whatever could elucidate the question, as to whether the Red Sea and the Mediterranean could be advantageously united, by means of a canal, from the one to the other, so as to shorten the communication between western Europe and eastern Asia, and thus avoid the long and generally stormy voyage round the great continent of Africa, by the passage of the Cape of Good Hope.

Having taken an early and a prominent part in the inquiries which were instituted on this subject, during my travels in Egypt, I was specially solicited by its present ruler, Mohammed Ali Pasha, to undertake a journey across the Isthmus of Suez, for the double purpose, first, of examining the capacity of that port to receive vessels of a certain burthen, and inspecting its anchorages; and secondly, of traversing the desert lying between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, with the view of ascertaining whether any vestiges could still be traced of the ancient canal, said to have been begun by one of the Pharaohs, completed by Darius, and continued open up to the time of the Ptolemies. The object of these inquiries was not the mere gratification of a geographical or antiquarian curiosity, though that would have been motive sufficient to induce me to undertake the task; but it was intended as a prelude to the re-opening of the ancient commerce, which, before the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope, by Vasco Da Gama, was carried on extensively and profitably by this route, between Europe and India, by which indeed Alexandria had been enriched, and by which Genoa and Venice acquired such opulence and power, as to reign sole arbiters of the dominion along the shores of these two seas.

I accordingly entered into the project with zeal, believing that whatever might be the privations of the desert journey, I should be gratified by its novelty; and hoping, that beside my own personal gratification, some public good would result from the investigation on which I was about to enter.

It was on the evening of the 14th of February, that I took my leave of the Pasha, and of the numerous friends with whom I had enjoyed so many agreeable days in Cairo, and adopting their advice, to make the journey as privately as possible, so as to avoid the danger of being followed and plundered by the way, I prepared for travelling in the garb of an Arab of the humblest class, being now sufficiently qualified for this, by my knowledge of the Arabic tongue.

DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO. — TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15th. — I had slept but little, from the diversity of thoughts by which I was agitated

during the night ; and stirring with the earliest dawn, we were dressed and equipped before sunrise. After receiving a letter of credit on Damietta, in case of our visiting that place, as well as the firman of the Pasha, to be shown only in case of need, we repaired to the okella, or stables, where our camels and their driver lodged. This individual, whose name was Phanoose, (literally a lantern, or a light for the path,) was a Bedouin Arab, from the mountain's near Horeb and Sinai ; he had been long known among the merchants of Egypt for his tried fidelity, and was constantly entrusted by them to be the bearer of large sums in gold and silver between Sinai, Tor, Suez, and Cairo. He was thus charged for a journey at present, and to his care and protection I entirely committed myself. The great caravan of four thousand camels had departed from Cairo for Suez on the preceding evening, and coinciding with him in his opinion, that it was best to avoid their track, and journey by the upper and least frequented road, to the northward of their course, we left Cairo by the Bab-el-Nasr, or Gate of Victory, for that route, about nine o'clock.

Our dresses were those of the Arab Fellahs, or Egyptian peasants, consisting of a simple shirt of blue cotton, over one of coarse calico next the skin, a coarse muslin turban for the head, and a woollen sash for the waist, with red slippers, and a blue cotton melyah, a kind of shawl, thrown loosely across the shoulders in the day, and serving for a slight covering at night. We had each long full beards, and wore sandals on our feet. Our provisions consisted of a small supply of bread, rice, butter, dates, a few hard boiled eggs and salt, some coffee, tobacco, and a goat's skin of water ; our cooking utensils comprised only an iron kettle for boiling rice, and a small coffee-pot, with two coffee-cups. Our arms were a sabre, musket, and pistols each, all of the most ordinary quality, to prevent their exciting envy, or a desire in others to possess them ; and these, with a straw mat for sleeping on, and a Bedouin cloak, or Burnoose, for a night covering, with the indispensable requisites of a pipe and tobacco-bag, completed our simple travelling equipage.

Taking a course almost due east from the gate we had left, we passed on through a narrow defile, or valley, formed by the near approach of two small yet steep hills, projecting against each other like bluff capes in miniature, leaving the 'Birket-el-Hadji,' or the Lake of the Pilgrims, the general point of rendezvous for caravans, to the north of us. The pace of our camels appeared to me light and easy, and as they bore only the few small sacks of money confided to the care of the Bedouin, beside our own baggage, their rate of progress was never less than a league in the hour. The weather was favorable for our journey ; and Phanoose occasionally broke the silence of the desert by the songs with which he cheered his camels, so that I felt my spirits growing lighter with every step we took.

We halted for an hour about noon, and made a hearty, though a hasty meal, when overtaking a small caravan of Arabs bound to Tor, we joined their humble camp, for mutual protection, about two hours before sunset. Our salutations at meeting were rather like those of long absent friends than that of perfect strangers, and their rude hospitality had in it a sincerity which enhanced its worth. The camels were unladen, and suffered to feed upon the few dry herbs that were

scattered among the sands, which, in addition to their want of moisture, had the bitterest taste that could be endured. The sacks of grain which formed the lading of those bound to Tor, were ranged on each side of us, as a shelter from the wind; our arms were mustered and examined, and we felt ourselves in a state of security.

The party we had joined were named Moosa, or Moses, a deaf gray-bearded old Bedouin, Abdallah, a negro from the mountains beyond Habesh, or Abyssinia, and Suliman and Hassan, two Arab boys, which was now increased by Phanoose, our guide, and myself. The boys being immediately despatched to collect sufficient fuel for the night, Abdallah served us with coffee, prepared over a fire of dried camel's dung, collected on the spot. Our pipes were filled from each other's sacks, as a usual interchange of compliment, and my ready acceptance of a pinch from Moosa's snuff-box, (for the Arabs who frequent Cairo have learnt this habit of the Europeans there,) brought us at once upon a footing of intimacy.

As conversation became general, it was soon discovered that my language as well as color was not exactly that of the Bedouins; the Arabic spoken in Egypt, though pure, differing materially from that of the desert; and to pass for a Turk, though perfectly easy in the present instance, would have been of no advantage, their whole race being hated and despised by the Bedouins. I therefore confessed myself to be a traveller from the west, wandering over the eastern world in search of knowledge, and of good men; and as this elicited an expression of applause, mingled with surprise, and my protector, Phanoose, honestly avowed that my life was upon his head, all things seemed likely to be turned to our advantage. Interesting as the task would have been, I found it impossible to remember the whole of the conversation which arose upon this single topic: namely, the avowed rarity of finding wisdom or honesty among men, and the grounds on which I hoped to meet with it in my travels through the world, for such appeared to them to be the state of the argument implied by my confession. But though this discussion was long, it was ingenious, and entertaining even to the end.

As it grew dark, the camels were collected together, and kneeling on the sand near us, their fore-legs were lashed in their bent position, which rendering them unable to rise, was the only precaution necessary for their safety. A small quantity of gunpowder, bruised in oil, was given to them in form of a bolus, and a bag of beans tied to their mouths, for their evening meal. Hassan and Suliman were returned with fuel for the night, and Abdallah, having in the short space of half an hour ground sufficient wheat for the party, mixed it, chaff and all, in the water of their own skin, baked cakes of it on the fire of dung, and made them, while warm, again into a paste, by breaking them in pieces, and kneading them in a wooden bowl, with oil and honey. Each of the party washed his hands in the sand, before commencing their meal, as water is too precious in the desert to be so used; and all dipping their fingers in the same dish, regaled themselves as at a feast of delicacies.

I could not refuse to join them, but it was a painful tribute to their hospitality; and keen as my appetite had been at alighting, it was more than satisfied by witnessing the preparation of our food, so that

I was compelled at last to plead fatigue, and afterward to sup unseen from my own stock; feeling, in this instance, the truth of Solomon's expression, that 'stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.' We remained awake, and were engaged in rude yet interesting festivity, until midnight, having a large fire, and one of the party always on the watch, so that we rolled ourselves in our cloaks, and sunk to rest without apprehensions of evil.

DESERT OF SUEZ. — WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH. — The shades of night had scarcely given place to the earliest gleams of morning, before we were again stirring. Coffee and the hasty cakes of yesterday were served with equal expedition, and an hour before sunrise, our little caravan was on the march. The appearance of the country was every where the same; dull sandy plains, unbroken and without variety; a wide horizon, almost like the sea, and the elevation or depression of the road seldom exceeding an angle of three degrees. In some few parts, where the sand appeared more loose and deep, were tufts of bitter herbs, and a sort of dry heath, on which the camels fed as they passed along; but by far the greater part of the track was a firm, gravelly soil, covered with white and yellow pebbles, of common flint, forming an excellent road, either for wheel carriages, cavalry, or infantry, and even for laden wagons, if necessary.

In the course of the morning, we had passed several spots strewed with logs, resembling petrifications of trees, or at least portions of their trunks, with the bark on; but remembering the discussion of that question by Volney, and his aspersions on the veracity of Père Sicard, followed by an assurance of his having examined those logs, and found them to be really stones, I passed them by, contented with admiring their close resemblance to timber, yet still wondering at the cause of their singular shape and situation, remote from rocks or quarries of any kind; my confidence in his better judgment setting the question at rest in my own mind as to their real nature, for the present. At noon, however, we passed another spot on which several of these lay, and among them were some so remarkable, that I could not resist the temptation of alighting to examine them more closely; the result of which was, a conviction of their being petrifications. I had selected one of the smallest of the trunks that I could find, among those exhibiting unequivocal characteristics, such as the bark, the circular layers, the knots, etc., intending to load it on our camels alternately, and send it back from Suez to Cairo; but the very proposition was resisted with warmth, and persevered against with obstinacy. I offered an increased sum for its conveyance, and even consented to walk myself, for the rest of the way, while my own camel carried it, as it did not exceed my own weight; but neither entreaties, threats, nor rewards, could prevail on our guide to comply with my wishes; and the silliness of the objections which he urged, only added vexation to disappointment. He knew, he said, that I was 'one of God's wandering children,' that is, an idiot or madman; and as I understood how to read books, that my search was after hidden treasures; but these, he said, were not the 'monied

stones' — for so they consider all blocks with inscriptions — as there was no writing on them. He added, that as he was himself a connoisseur of those 'receptacles of hidden wealth,' meaning blocks with hieroglyphics and inscriptions, though he was ignorant how to enrich himself by them, he would not suffer one under his protection to be imposed on by such an error of judgment, as the taking away these stones, in the hope of their being of any value. There was no replying to this mode of reasoning; and the disappointment, like all other evils, was better to be forgotten than to be pondered over, so that I affected at last to make light of the matter, and passed on to overtake the rest of our party, who, during this dispute about the petrified trunks, had gained some distance ahead of us.

In the course of the afternoon, we met several small caravans, on their way from Suez to Cairo, laden with charcoal from Sinai and Tor, and saw also straggling parties of Bedouins on foot, their arms and clothing as wretched as the imagination could possibly paint them, one in each party carrying the water-skin slung across his shoulders, and every one else apparently bearing his own provisions.

After having passed a small building, and a single tree, considerably on our left, lying nearly in the centre road, and continuing our route easterly across the same tiresome and unvarying scenery, we halted about four o'clock in a sort of loose sand, it having been pitched on for the convenience of our camels rather than ourselves, as it afforded a few shrubs for them to feed on, and soft ground for their knees.

The same duties as those of the preceding evening were again gone through; the dish of meal, oil, and honey, was again served up; but as I felt no more reconciled to it than before, I joined in appearance only, supping on the boiled rice which I had separately prepared for my own use.

DESERT OF SUEZ. — THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH. — The conversation of the last evening surpassing that of the preceding, both in length and variety, kept us all awake until past midnight; and in the course of it, I had often reason to be convinced that when the mind is active, and the heart at ease, even the solitude of the desert can be rendered cheerful, and have, as well as more polished circles, its gay and social parties. For myself, I had a thousand questions to ask of my Bedouin companions, as to the modes of living, feeling, and thinking, among a race so little known, whose manners, like the wilds they inhabit, have suffered scarcely any change since the age of the patriarchs, and who have, among their reputed vices, a candor, fidelity, truth, and independence, worthy the imitation of nations and people the most refined. In fact, so powerful was my desire of correct information on those subjects, that but for its incompatibility with the object of duty in pursuit, I would willingly have retired with them into the depth of their retreats, and have borne all the inconveniences of living among them, for a few months at least. I regretted even the small portion of time which was necessarily allotted to recruit the fatigues of the day by sleep, and thought every hour thus passed, so much lost of an opportunity not to be recalled.

When we started, therefore, which was by the faint light of the morning moon, I found myself as tired as when we had first broken up our conference to retire to rest; though a cup of coffee, the motion of the camel, and the renewed chain of inquiries which sleep had interrupted, very gradually restored me.

Our route to-day lay through a more broken country, but neither hilly nor rocky; the ascents and descents were in general more sudden, but there was still a tiresome want of variety, nor had the country yet changed its character of an irregular sandy plain. About noon, the high mountains of Adaga interposed their blue bulk in the south-east, and were interesting from mere contrast; dead camels were seen occasionally upon the sands, and the bleached skeletons of those whose bones had long been bared by the sun and wind, were visible at a distance of many miles, on the edge of the horizon. We saw neither jackalls, hyenas, nor antelopes, in this part of the desert. A few solitary ravens, of a large size, and the finest glossy jet, appeared to enjoy undisturbed the empire of the plain; for beside these, we saw no other living creatures, except some flocks of quails, a few gray swallows, hardly distinguishable in color from the surface of the sands they skimmed, and a beautifully delicate lizard, of about three inches only in extreme length, whose form and colors might vie with the most exquisite of nature's animated productions; its topaz eyes, and silky, spotted skin, were the richest combinations of variety that could be seen; and its panting timidity, when held in the hand, gave an additional glow to every tint. When suffered to escape, the rapidity of its pace, and resemblance of general hue to the sand itself, rendered it difficult to be distinguished; nor could the eye follow it, but for the serpentine track left by the print of its feet and tail upon the surface of the smooth sand, forming a wavy chain, of a delicacy and regularity as surprising as it was perfect.

It was not before the usual hour of the evening halt, that we gained sight of the Castle of Adjerood, a caravanserai, a short march from Suez; and it was then some miles distant. I had already suffered so much in my eyes, which were by no means recovered from the effects of the ophthalmia when we left Cairo, and the back part of my neck was now also so blistered by exposure to the sun, that I was anxious to reach some shelter for the night, especially as the wind had risen very high, and annoyed us by the clouds of sand with which it filled the air. I therefore desired that we might continue our march until we gained the caravanserai, where we might regale at leisure, and sleep in comfort and security. Neither of the Arabs urged the slightest objection to the prolongation of our march; but all refused to enter the walls of Adjerood, and preferred to sleep unsheltered in the open air. This contempt of enclosed dwellings had been deeply rooted in their minds by early impressions, and was confirmed by habit: and to this they added another reason. 'Are you not now with friends and honest men,' said they, 'with whom you may trust your gold uncounted, and will you enter among thieves and robbers, where one eye must be waking while the other sleeps?' It was impossible to change their opinion of men in civilized life, whom they characterized as treacherous and deceitful, from the Sultan to the Fellah; or to persuade them of there being many bright exceptions to

the general wickedness of mankind. 'Mahommed Ali Basha,' said they, 'is he not a robber of the highest class, living on the plunder of the people, (for so they consider taxes of every description,) and obliging them to be dishonest, that they may be able to answer his never-ceasing demands? And has he not carried the war into Arabia, rather to gain the riches of the Wahabees, than to change their religion?' These questions were unanswerable; and when I endeavored to explain to them the necessity of individual sacrifices for the public good, and of general contributions toward the maintenance of national security, they replied in terms as expressive as they were laconic: 'Let every man's industry be his provider; his vigilance his protector; and his own courage his defender.' As there was no sophistry in their arguments, so they were not easily to be refuted; and a consciousness of its truth in their own minds, as forming the real principles of their general conduct, occasioned them to be firmly adhered to.

It was only in consideration, therefore, of my eyes suffering from exposure to the night air, that my request was complied with, and our conference on this subject continued even until we reached the walls themselves. It was by that time past sun-set, and as the evening was cloudy, it had grown extremely dark; the gates of the castle were shut, and not a voice was to be heard from within. Phanoose, however, by loud knocking, brought a porter to the wicket, whom, instead of entreating for our admission as a favor, he loaded with manly reproof for closing his gate against the weary stranger. 'What is your castle built for,' said he; 'to maintain a lazy governor and his train? — or did not Sultan Selim, and the holy Sheick, both found a caravanserai, which you have converted into a fort?' The man replied as loudly, and with equal warmth, until the dispute grew so serious, that I was afraid at last shelter would be absolutely refused us. Phanoose entered, however, by force, unbarred the large gate, and with great difficulty drew his camels after him, the animals seeming to be as averse to enter enclosed buildings as their master.

Phanoose, the Bedouin Arab, refused, however, to remain in the castle, among 'thieves and tyrants,' as he invariably called the Turks who occupied it; and though he left our camels within the walls, he took his sacks of money with him, and joined the camp of his companions on the outside, in the open plain. After he left us, I was soon surrounded by the attendants of the place, and our evening was passed in obtaining from them some information as to the age and nature of this establishment.

Adjerood is a square enclosure of stone walls, about a hundred feet in length on each of its sides, and flanked at the angles with round towers, not exceeding the height of the walls themselves, which may be about twenty-five feet. It has one large gate only, with a wicket entrance, and the interior is merely an open court, with a range of low and mean chambers running round the whole square of the walls. Near it is an enclosed well, upward of two hundred feet in depth, but yielding only foul and brackish water, though shaded by the tomb of a venerated saint.

The Arabs say it was built by Sultan Selim, but know not the

date of its erection, though all agree that it was founded as a caravanserai for passengers, on account of the adjacent well. Its architecture is plain and solid, resembling the style so prevalent in the Arabian buildings of the last and preceding century, that is, of the Saracenic order, but of inferior execution to the works of the Caliphs. At the present moment, it is called a fort, and maintains a Turkish governor and twenty Arabs, with four rusty cannon, badly mounted, and all of different calibre and construction, the largest not exceeding an English four-pounder. Its professed object is the securing of deserters, Albanians, Greeks, etc., from the public service, as it lies near the junction of the three roads to Cairo, and as far as the apprehension of straggling individuals is intended, may be effectual. Officers, soldiers, and messengers of the government, also halt here in their way, but other passengers, except by favor of the governor, never.

ARRIVAL AT SUEZ. — FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH. — We were roused before sunrise, and taking our breakfast on the sands, without the walls, loaded our little caravan and departed, taking leave of the venerable old Moosa, Abdallah, and the Bedouin boys, who continued their route easterly, to pass round the arm of the Red Sea above Suez, while we branched off more southerly toward the town.

An hour after setting out, we reached another enclosed building, but of a much ruder kind, the interior of which I did not see, although we alighted for that purpose, as the occupants of it refused to open the doors without a positive order from the Aga himself. Without the walls was a large trough, out of which our camels drank, though the water was blacker, and of a stronger smell, than the foulest bilge-water I had ever seen. The bitter, dry, and thorny herbs on which these creatures fed in the desert, and their capability of swallowing water like this, surprised me even more than the fatigues and privations they have the power of sustaining in their desert marches.

On leaving this building or watering-place, the scenery gradually improved. The high mountains of Adaga on our right were grand and picturesque; the sea opened to our view; and the town, the harbor, and port of Suez, with the few vessels at anchor there, were all interesting objects, after so monotonous a journey in point of scenery as ours had been.

We reached Suez about ten o'clock, and alighted at the Okella of the Greeks, but finding there neither accommodation for ourselves or camels, we waited immediately on Hassan Aga, the governor, to whom I presented my letter from the Kiah Bey, the Pasha's representative at Cairo. My reception was extremely favorable, and I was offered a seat beside him on the same sofa, an explanation as to the motive of my disguise having removed the prejudicial impression created by the appearance of my Bedouin dress.

After an hour's conversation on the affairs of Europe, the state of the war in Arabia, and other topics of mutual inquiry, an officer was directed to show me a room in an adjoining house, where I took up my quarters for a short stay, and had reason to be pleased with its situation, as it received the cool breezes of the north-east, and over-

looked the small harbor for boats, abreast of the town. It was soon furnished with our own mat and cooking-utensils, neither chairs nor tables being known here ; and the luxuries of undressing and enjoying a clean change of linen, were of the highest kind.

After dining on a rice pilau at noon, I passed three or four hours agreeably in rambling through the town ; and the evening was spent with the governor, whose divan was filled with visitors of all classes ; soldiers, merchants, traders from Yemen, and Arabs from all parts of the surrounding country. Even Phanoose paid his respects to the governor in person, filled his pipe, and was served with coffee by the men in waiting ; but he persisted in his motive being rather to take care of me, than to gratify himself. Upon the whole, indeed, I had much reason to be pleased with my reception and entertainment by the governor, Hassan Aga, who was more polite and intelligent than the generality of Turks in corresponding situations.

TOWN OF SUEZ. — FEBRUARY 19th. — I was visited, very early in the morning, by an old Arab, of Suez, who spoke a few words in English, and who showed me some Grammatical Exercises in that language, with corresponding phrases in Turkish and Arabic, written by a Mr. John Jones, supercargo at this port, for the House of Forbes and Company at Bombay, some few years since ; as well as by a Greek captain of a vessel, who had been in London, and who spoke Italian very intelligibly ; and obtaining from Hassan Aga, the governor, one of his soldiers as a guide, I was accompanied by those three in my walks through the town, to which I devoted most of the day, examining its interior, as well as making the circuit of its walls.

As a station for transporting the merchandise of the Red Sea to Cairo, and shipping off supplies of grain from Egypt to Arabia, considering the limited extent of the trade at the present moment, Suez answers the purpose most effectually ; but as a *town*, scarcely any assemblage of houses, to which that name is given, can be imagined less deserving it. Situated on a point of land, faced by shallows toward the sea, and having a wide desert behind it, not a tree, a bush, or a blade of verdure, is any where to be seen. It has been recently enclosed with miserable walls, formed of stones loosely piled together, without cement, and having a range of loop-holes for musketry ; though one need only be within ten paces of them, to be convinced that they would fall before the first discharge of half a dozen field-pieces. This wall surrounds it on three sides, leaving it open toward the north-east, where are the wharves for loading, and the scala for the boat harbor. The whole circuit of the town is, however, less than two British miles, its greatest length being north-west and south-east, and its shape irregular.

The many open spaces within the walls of Suez, unoccupied by buildings, leave little more than five hundred separate houses, among which are a great number ruined by the French, during the campaign in Egypt ; others forming the temporary habitations of strangers, and others again used only as magazines for merchandise. Like the majority of their dwellings at Cairo, the basements are built of hewn free-stone, above which wooden balconies project into the

street, resting on the ends of stone beams, and the upper parts of the walls are built either of unburnt brick, or wood, with latticed windows, in the Arabic style. The lower door-ways, too, are generally surmounted with the carving and pointed arch of the Saracenic age, and appear to have been originally well finished. There are, proportioned to its size, an equal number of starving dogs, ragged Arabs, ugly women, and filthy children, as in the metropolis of Egypt itself; and its general resemblance of aspect, proves its close affinity to the capital, as no colony could preserve the features of its great original, in a more unadulterated manner than they are displayed here.

Although there is nothing at Suez which can deserve the name of a fortification, a company of forty or fifty soldiers are stationed here, and eight or ten pieces of cannon are mounted in different directions; but, like all the Turkish artillery I have yet seen, they are little calculated for show, and still less for service. Three mosques, and one small Greek chapel, are all the places of worship in the town; and these offer the best guide as to the proportion of numbers between the Mahommedan and Christian worshippers who visit them for devotion.

The fixed resident population, I have been assured from various quarters, does not exceed one thousand persons, employed as tradesmen, merchants, mechanics, porters, etc., while there are frequently in the town from two to ten thousand strangers, arriving either in caravans from Egypt, or in vessels from Arabia, and consisting of persons as varied as the quarters from whence they come; but as these are almost invariably the bearers of their own provisions, neither scarcity, nor an increased circulation of money, attend their arrival or departure, more particularly as their stay seldom exceeds a few days.

The first great necessary of life, and one for which so few substitutes can be found, is as deficient in quantity, as it is disagreeable in taste. Every drop of water consumed here, except that used by camels, is brought in skins from wells in the neighboring deserts, and from the opposite coast of Arabia; the summer price being about three pence per skin, though by strangers it can only be drank either in coffee, wine, or spirits; the two last of which are articles scarcely ever to be found here, at any price. Although their supplies of the best Egyptian wheat are always regular, they make worse bread here than in any part of the East; and nothing but extreme hunger could make it palatable. No other meat than mutton is sold, and this is coarse, tough, lean, and exorbitantly dear; fowls, five piastres, or a dollar each; eggs ten paras, or three pence each; milk and butter, brought only to the governor and his officers; and fish, though said to abound in this sea, of bad quality, and extremely scarce. Under such circumstances, it is rather to be wondered at that its stationary inhabitants are not still less in number: but what are the privations to which the pursuit of gain will not reconcile men? — or the severer dictates of necessity enable them to bear?

Our evening was passed again at the governor's, in as large a company, and as agreeably, as the preceding one. By turning the conversation on localities, the inhabitants were flattered, and at the

same time it furnished me with many interesting particulars, with which I could only have become acquainted by indirect inquiry, but which were of value as completing more and more that species of information which it was the express object of my visit to obtain.

PORT OF SUEZ. — FEBRUARY 20. — Hassan Aga, the governor, had engaged to take me over the harbor, and on board the vessels in port, in his own boat, this morning; but intelligence reaching him of the arrival of the grand caravan, from Cairo, which had set out the day before we left that city, he was prevented from accompanying me, and politely begged my acceptance of his boat and eight men for the day. We left the wharf at an early hour, and taking with me the Greek captain and our attendant of yesterday, we steered out into the deep channel, the banks being dry at low water, and the wind from the southward. We first visited a ship of four hundred tons, and a brig of about three hundred, the former ready to depart for Jedda, laden with grain, brought across the desert from Egypt; the latter recently arrived from thence in ballast. Both of these were vessels belonging to the Pasha; they were nearly new, and had been built in the yard at Suez; nor were they, either in their construction or equipment, inferior to the ships of the Adriatic. Each of them was armed with fourteen guns, manned with a very motley crew of fifty men, and commanded by Greeks of the Archipelago, under Turkish flags.

After obtaining from their commanders all the local information they could afford me, relative to the prevailing winds, weather, and navigation of the Red Sea, we procured from them a hand-lead and line, and with the chart and compass I possessed, we proceeded to survey the harbor, and take the soundings and bearings of the best anchorage-berths. It was a long and tedious duty, with so bad a boat's crew; but as the weather was extremely favorable, I succeeded in executing it much to my own satisfaction; and had the whole of the best anchorages marked with their accurate bearings, and their depth in fathoms, upon the chart.

Mr. Browne, the African traveller, in his work, says: 'At Suez, I observed, in the shallow parts of the adjacent sea, a species of weed, which was of a hue between scarlet and crimson, and of a spongy nature. Perhaps this, if found in abundance, may have given the recent name to this sea; for this was the Arabian Gulf of the ancients, whose 'Mare Erythræum,' or Red Sea, was the Indian Ocean. This weed was perhaps the *Suph* of the Hebrews, whence again *Suph*, their name for this sea.' I sought personally, and by inquiries among them, after such a weed, but neither saw nor heard of any other than the common brown weed of the English channel, approaching nearer in color to those floating fields which are carried northward by the Gulf of Florida stream, and having rather a yellowish than a reddish hue. Even this, however, was by no means abundant, any more than the beautiful shells of which he speaks, and which are found only to the southward.

We returned in the evening with a light southerly breeze against the ebb tide, and had scarcely landed, before the wind flew round

to the north-west, and blew with great violence, increasing with the night.

As a port, Suez is infinitely superior to Cosseir, farther down the Red Sea; and the difficulty of access to it from the southward, on account of the prevailing northerly winds, may be considered as its greatest if not its only disadvantage. When the port is gained, however, the shelter from those winds, under the high land of Mount Adaga, is secure; the depth of water, from two-and-a-half to ten fathoms, is convenient; and the holding ground, being firm sand, is good. The prevalence of fine weather will generally allow good anchorages to be deliberately chosen; and for the same reason, berths may be shifted at pleasure. The tides, having not more than five or six feet rise and fall, are not violent in their rate of ebb and flow, and are but little influenced by winds. The time of high water, at full and change, is about twelve o'clock at noon, the new moon of to-day affording me an opportunity of actual observation; and from the testimonies of others, those tides are extremely regular in their courses and returns.

Vessels lightened of their cargoes, and laden boats, pass from the outer harbor to the town, through the deep channel, at all times of tide; and for small boats, there is water through the shallow channel at about a quarter flood. Cargoes may be therefore shipped and landed in the large barks of the country, with perfect safety; the distance of the anchorage to the wharves being at least three miles, would render the use of ship's boats unnecessary, unless to tow against the wind or tide.

Of the vessels now actually employed in the trade of the Red Sea, from Suez only, there are upward of a hundred sail, including the dows, or boats of forty to sixty tons each. These bring from Mocha, Jedda, Yambo, and the ports of the south, coffee, gums, spices, drugs, Indian pepper, etc., and return thence with Egyptian corn. Their passages to the southward are in general short and favorable; but in beating up the Red Sea, their practice is to turn to windward during the day, and anchor on the coast until morning, as the northerly winds die away at sun set, and make night anchorages safe. For this purpose, they are provided with light anchors and grass cables, and these in more than usual abundance, from their liability to loss by the chafing of the coral rocks. Fresh water is bad and scarce through every part of the Red Sea; it is therefore an article of expense, and one that requires rigid economy in its use. The fountains of Ayoon, on the Asiatic coast, supply ships at Suez for their voyage to the southward, and at Tor they generally touch to replenish, after a long passage up.

The wages of sailors are low, and their provisions cheap, being chiefly rice, coffee, ghee or butter, and corn, etc.; but they are so unskilful in their profession, that a double crew is almost indispensable to insure the safety of the voyage. The pilots of the port are also extremely ignorant of their duty, and every thing combines to render capacity and vigilance the more necessary on the part of those who may be entrusted with the direction of vessels in this sea. The magazines for the reception of goods are cheap, and sufficiently secure for a climate in which it seldom rains. Camels for their con-

veyance to Cairo can always be depended on, and the slight escort of a field-piece and twenty or thirty cavalry, may be considered ample protection against the plundering wanderers of the desert.

The want of docks at Suez, the necessity of having every material either for building or repairs brought by the caravans from Egypt, the difficulty of heaving a vessel down, from the existence of a tide, and of leaving her dry on the beach, from the insufficiency of its rise and fall, are all serious obstacles to the making it a naval arsenal, or to the giving ships even a temporary refit in its harbor. Vessels trading from India hence, should therefore be invariably coppered, and so complete in their equipments, as to have on board every thing necessary for their own repairs : the simple articles of a needle or a skein of twine to repair a bread-bag, a bung for a water-cask, or a broom to sweep the decks with, being as difficult to be found here as a mast, an anchor, or a cable.

In visiting the small yard for building, where two vessels were on the stocks, I could not but remember the very curious observations of Mr. Browne on the subject, during his visit here. He says : 'The Arab mode of building is singular, for they use no art to bend the timbers, none of which are crooked, unless naturally so, and where the upper and lower ribs join, they do not pass over one another, but by the side of each other !' There are few subjects perhaps on which literary men are more liable to error, than on that of maritime affairs. When those errors are of a trifling kind, they are very pardonable ; but when they display a total ignorance of the matter on which they treat, one cannot but regret that they should so commit themselves, by a misapplication of talents, or by venturing remarks on affairs with which they are not conversant. In the present instance, more particularly, had Mr. Browne been in the slightest degree acquainted with the principles of ship-building, or known only the outlines of marine architecture, he would have found that those very characteristics of the Arabian mode, were also the leading features of our own ; and that from a first rate line-of-battle ship, down to a frigate's launch, it is the universal practice of the British yards ; first, because artificially-bent wood for knees and floor timbers, would be inferior in strength to those preserving the natural form of their growth ; and secondly, that the side-joining of the ribs gives double strength to their immediate point of union, and admits a smooth surface for planking ; whereas, to obtain this, the timbers, or the upper and lower ribs, as he terms them, were joined by passing *over* each other, it would be necessary to taper off the extremities of each, to form a smooth surface for the reception of the outer plank, when the point of union between the timbers, where most strength is required, would, by such a method, be made the weakest.

The artisans of this naval yard are all Greeks of the Archipelago, chiefly from Idra, Ipsera, and Mitylene, and are not inferior in the knowledge of their art to the ship-wrights of the Mediterranean. Their supplies of building-timber are chiefly from the coast of Carmania, in Asia Minor, transported by way of Cairo and the Nile ; their spars, cordage, sails, pitch, tar, anchors, guns, etc., are drawn either from Constantinople or the Black Sea ; and all this renders the building of a vessel and her outfit extremely expensive here.

Lord Valentia remarks, that Suez labors under considerable disadvantages from its situation at the extremity of a narrow and difficult gulf, down which the wind blows nine months in the year. 'In early times, says he, it was some counterbalance, that a canal communicated with the most fertile part of Egypt, by which they could be supplied with grain for exportation to Arabia. Yet with all this, the Ptolemies, who were good judges of what was for the best, thought it advisable to establish a new emporium at Berenice, (lower down the Red Sea,) though it obliged them to convey the goods upward of two hundred miles over land to Coptos, before they could be embarked on the Nile. From all this disadvantage of situation, even if the canal again existed, Berenice would be preferable to Suez.'

On the fact of Suez having, in many respects, a disadvantageous situation, and on the propriety of the reasons assigned, no one would differ from his lordship, any more than they would doubt the historical truth of the Ptolemeian establishment of Berenice. Under so wealthy, so powerful, and so well regulated a government, as that by which Egypt then flourished, when the dominion of the desert was maintained by the intervening posts between the Red Sea and the Nile, and when the transportation of merchandise both by land caravans, and river fleets, were *both* attended with security of property to all concerned, such a route as that of Berenice and Coptos was preferable; because the imperfect state of navigation in those days rendered the perils of the upper part of the Red Sea more dreadful than at present, and the shortening of a vessel's voyage of more importance.

At this moment, however, the case is very different. Grain forming the chief, and one might almost say the only, staple article of exportation from Egypt to Arabia, can be had no where in such abundance, and with such facility of transportation, as at Suez; because of its being nearer to the most fertile provinces of Lower Egypt, the grain of which is firmer, and better fitted for exportation, than that of the Said, or Upper Egypt; and because the road thence is not one-third the distance of the Coptos route, is less mountainous, and more clear from the attacks of free-booters; thus affording a facility of transportation across its firm gravelly plains, which renders the loss of the ancient canal of less importance than is imagined. The conveyance of the grain down the Red Sea, when once embarked, is performed in one-fourth of the time that it could be, if sent from the Delta in boats, to be conveyed to Berenice, by ascending the Nile to Keneh. Thus far as regards the exportations; and to the mode of importation, many of the same remarks would apply. Supposing, then, the ports of Berenice and Suez to be equally good and safe, it remains for us to judge, whether the additional distance by sea — at a period like the present, when that sea is so much better known, navigation so much more perfect, and ships themselves so much better constructed, both for safety and despatch, with only one discharge of cargo, and its transportation immediately to the capital, by a securer and a shorter route — is not more advantageous than the landing of merchandise at Berenice, farther south; having it conveyed a treble distance, across a mountainous track of desert to the Nile,

where its remoteness from the metropolis would render all caravans more liable to attack and plunder; its second embarkation on the Nile, necessarily divided into smaller portions suited to the capacity of the boats; its liability to damage on the way; and again its discharge at Cairo, doubling the whole distance of the Red Sea passage, independent of the detentions occasioned by every change from ships to camels, from camels to boats, and from boats to camels again. I think no man can hesitate in deciding for the preference of Suez over Berenice, who weighs well the reasons assigned.

TOWN OF SUEZ, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST. — The entry into Suez of the grand caravan, which had commenced early on the morning of yesterday, and promised not to finish in less than two days more, had already filled the town with bustle and variety. The arrival of two vessels from Jedda, and one from Yambo, had also increased the number of strangers, and by this mixture of visitors from Arabia and Egypt, we had every shade of color, in countenance and costume.

My own Arab dress enabling me to mix in the crowd without fear of being detected as a Christian, or of even attracting notice at all, I was agreeably occupied throughout the day in that sort of strolling observation which makes even lounging both delightful and instructive. The number of camels composing this caravan exceeded four thousand, with at least half that number of Bedouin guides. There was also an escort of Turkish cavalry, and a company of infantry, beside a number of traders, agents, etc., accompanying their own property, forming, with the arrivals by sea, an additional population of five or six thousand strangers. The goods brought by this caravan were chiefly grain for Arabia, Egyptian cotton, manufactured for sail-cloth, timber, planks, and oars for boats, of which several were ordered to be built for the Pasha, and a few articles of private speculation for the southern markets, such as gay-colored cloths, articles of dress, and common fire-arms.

In such a motley multitude as were thus brought together from opposite quarters of the globe, infinite as their varieties of dress and features were, there still existed those marked distinctions by which they could be classed. The Bedouin was as easily recognised by the poverty of his dress, and air of independence, as was the Turk by the gaudy colors of his apparel, and the look of contemptuous disdain with which he eyed every one around him. The Yambo mariner, black and half naked, with bushy, uncombed hair, that almost concealed his face; the sable-turbaned Greek; the bearded sanctity of the returning Hadji from the holy city of Mecca; the green-capped descendant of the prophet; the cunning trader of Jedda, and the richer merchants of Yemen, were all to be recognised by distinct peculiarities. There was one feature however, in which they all agreed, and which, to the native of a country where the practice is unnecessary and forbidden, cannot fail to be observed; that is, their passion for wearing arms, in the use of which, perhaps few people could be found more unskilful, or to the practice of which, as far as actual warfare is implied, there are certainly none

more naturally averse. Yet from the Aga, who sacrifices even domestic comforts to the useless splendor of a kanjar or dagger, down to the naked negro, who with a ragged waist-cloth only, and without a sufficiency of either bread or water, will yet pride himself on his heavy sabre, or a crooked knife braced to his arm, not an individual is to be seen, who enjoys that privilege from his faith, without weapons, the weight of which literally incommodes him in his walk.

On our return from the stroll of the day, we passed the evening in a crowded Divan, at the governor's, and remained with him to supper, in which we were joined only by his principal officers; the rest having retired after sunset prayers, and joined us again to smoke their evening pipes. The governor's attentions to me were more than usually polite; and his communications, in answer to all the questions I asked him, were given with great freedom and intelligence.

TOWN OF SUEZ, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22. — I had fixed our departure on my desert journey in search of the remains of the ancient canal, for this morning, but, as is usual on most occasions of setting out, whether by land or water, new difficulties arose, and obstacles were now for the first time supposed to exist. The route I had marked out for our journey across the desert, was to follow the track of the ancient canal, by the salt marshes to the northward of Suez, pass by the spot marked in Arrowsmith's chart, as the ruins of Serapeum and Aboukechid, and entering the cultivated plain of Egypt at the ancient Thaubastus, turn by Heröopolis to Balbeis. Every one whom we consulted on the subject, declared this journey to be impracticable, without great personal risk. This part of the desert, it was said, was traversed by the Syrian Bedouins, who are enemies to those of Tor, and our being robbed and stripped was a matter of certainty in the opinion of Phanoose; but, as he observed, 'Allah! kereem!' — 'God is merciful.' The governor very kindly offered me an escort of his own soldiers, but I was too well aware of its expense, to accept it; and as my desire of accomplishing the journey was unconquerable, we prepared to depart alone, hoping to find security in the smallness of our party, and in the appearance of poverty we should assume. Our guide at length refused to depart without an additional sum of fifty piastres for the journey, a demand which I as strenuously resisted, and as both parties were obstinate, it bade fair to detain us for the day.

Noon came without a change of determination on either side, and I passed the latter part of the day most agreeably in a walk along the southern beach of the town of Suez, from whence the marine scenery is grand and interesting. On the right, the high and rocky summits of Adaga are boldly picturesque, and the plain leading to Tor and Sinai, which is terminated by a broken range of Asiatic mountains on the left, with the unintercepted horizon of the sea in the southern offing, form altogether a subject worthy the pencil of a Claude. The air was beautifully calm, and the serenity of that unbroken silence which every where reigned around, was like a momentary slumber of animated nature. I was perfectly alone; and

nothing could have been more favorable than the present moment, either as it regarded the state of things, or of my own disposition to receive it, for an interview with that hoary sage from whom Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds ; but I was not so highly favored, though I remembered here, with all that superior pleasure which local interest can add even to the most beautiful productions, the poetic and ingenious fragment of Moore's, which he calls 'A Vision of Philosophy,' the subject or hero of which he thus describes.

'In Plutarch's Essay on the decline of oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them ; the rest of his time he passed among the genii and the nymphs. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place.' The odor of his breath, however, and the sports of his dalliance, had but little inducement to quit the circle of those nymphs and genii of the skies, to be wasted upon this deserted spot. The period of the year in which he usually became visible was not perhaps arrived, or the ages in which he condescended to visit mortals were irrecoverably past. What beauties, however, did those lines derive from contrast, when I remembered them on those barren sands !

'T was on the Red Sea coast, at eve, we met
 The venerable man ; a virgin bloom
 Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
 That towered upon his brow ; as when we see
 The gentle moon, and the full radiant sun
 Shining in heaven together. When he spoke,
 'T was language sweetened into song — such holy sounds
 As off the spirit of the good man hears,
 Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
 When death is nigh ! and still, as he unclosed
 His sacred lips, an odor all as bland
 As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
 That blossom in elysium, breathed around !
 With silent awe we listened, while he told
 Of the dark veil, which many an age had hung
 O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of Time
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
 And half the goddess beamed in glimpses through it !'

From this spot I extended my ramble round the southern beach, where vestiges of ancient buildings are seen in several places distinguishable along the edge of the present town of Suez, among the heaps of pottery and brick, which invariably accompany the wreck of settlements annihilated or destroyed. Over a sheik's tomb here is reared the fragment of a granite pillar, and upon the wharves are still lying portions of white marble columns.

After making the circuit of the walls, I ascended the mound which retains the name of Kolzoum, the very base of which is washed by the sea, as it is not more than one hundred yards from the gate of Suez. Among all this heap, however, not a vestige remains of any kind of building, not even the fragment of a wall, a pillar, or a foundation : nor could I find, after diligent search, any thing like the remains of

the stone pipes which Mr. Brown saw, for the purpose, as it appeared to him, of conveying water to the site of Kolzoum, from Bir Naha, or the well of Naha. Major Rennell very correctly remarks, that this is a well, situated some miles to the east of Suez, and on the opposite side of the inlet of the sea that passes before it. 'One may conclude,' he adds, 'that this work was unnecessary during the existence of a canal from the Nile;' and he might have said, too, that it must have been carried underneath a broad though shallow arm of the sea, to the opposite coast; a work of labor and expense, which, compared with its object, is not at all probable, since water could always be conveyed with facility and despatch in boats, in the small quantities which all the wells of the neighborhood produce, and which at different seasons of the year are dry. Nothing, in short, remains of the ancient Kolzoum, but one continued heap of rubbish; its destruction is complete; and by a collection of stones within an entrenchment at the top, it would seem to have been recently used as a post of defence.

In the very learned and masterly discussion of Major Rennell, on the Isthmus of Suez and its canals, when endeavoring to establish the distance between Serapeum and Pelusium, he says: 'The position of the former is unknown, but by circumstances, it ought to be near the head of the Gulf of Suez, and to Arsinoë of course; but this latter must have been more to the north than Suez, as the sea has retreated, and is constantly retreating to the south, and has even left Kolzoum, which was a port in the time of the Caliphs, three quarters of a mile inland; therefore Arsinoë may have been full a mile to the northward of Suez.' (p. 454.) Having this memorandum among my extracts for observation, I was the more anxious to satisfy myself whether this mass of ruins, although still called by the inhabitants here, Kolzoum, was really the site of that settlement or not. My elevated situation enabled me to distinguish from its summit the smallest object for several miles to the northward, across the sandy plain, if any such objects existed. The wells of Suez and Adjerood were in sight to the north-west, and the sandy beach along which the arm of the sea, extending beyond Suez, flows, continued its course to the north, inclining easterly; but in all this range of view, neither mound, rubbish, or fragment of any kind, was to be seen, to indicate the situation of former buildings: and all whom I consulted, agreed that the spot on which I stood was the only one near Suez, containing ancient remains, distinguishable from the sands. Yet this mound has the sea flowing up to its very base, and stretching beyond it to the northward, inclining easterly for three or four miles at least. To what settlement the granite and marble columns, lying scattered at Suez, could have belonged, whether to Arsinoë or Kolzoum, I am at a loss to determine. The known indolence of the Turks, and their indifference to the transportation of such fragments, more particularly as they lie broken and unused for any purpose, induce one to conclude, that they occupy the original place of their destruction, or their fall; and coupling this with Mr. Brown's opinion that Suez itself is a comparatively modern town, and probably built within the last three hundred years, of which it bears every appearance, as well as having been unknown to travellers of a more ancient date, I am disposed

to think that Suez itself, including the mound without its northern gate, occupies the very site of Kolzoum, and that Arsinoë might then have been more to the northward, as Rennell describes it; the remains, from being more ancient, having disappeared, by the united agencies of an undermining sea, and the overwhelming sands by which it was surrounded, toward the land.

Returning from my evening walk, I supped at the governor's, and remained there late in a crowded divan, a rich merchant from Jedda having paid his personal respects to Hassan Aga. After evening prayers, performed with all possible solemnity, these bearded elders amused themselves in playing tricks upon an old Hadji, or Pilgrim, whom the governor retained among his dependants as a buffoon; among a number of other devices, the loading his pipe with gunpowder beneath the tobacco, so as to explode while smoking, and placing fire in the small outer cup in which they serve coffee, so as to burn his fingers, and make him forego his hold, were applauded by loud bursts of laughter, which, from the contrast of their general gravity, came from them with a very borrowed grace indeed.

Taking leave of this Turkish Aga, to whose kindness I had been much indebted, I retired to rest, and the differences with my guide, Phanoose, being amicably adjusted, the next sunrise was fixed for our departure on the Desert Journey of Investigation, already averted to. The results of this will be given in the ensuing number.

THE EVER-PRESENT.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I've seen the blushing dawn on India's mountains,
When, bathed in gold, the sun kissed the blue sea,
And I have cooled my limbs in Ganga's fountains.
And then, O God! alone I thought on Thee,
By Ganga's fountains, thought alone on Thee!

And I have dwelt within the polar sphere,
Mid realms of crystal ice, and marked the stars,
Reflecting halos of celestial light,
Brighter than Hindol's gems or Nared's spars,
Through the protracted reign of arctic night;
And there, O God! alone I thought on Thee,
Mid frozen oceans, thought alone on Thee!

Beneath the tropic's arid, scorching heat,
On the Bahamas, have I panting stood;
Viewing thy wonders in the coral beds,
Which spread, in endless vines, beneath the flood;
And gazing on the golden sands and sea,
My thoughts were fixed, O God! alone on Thee!

I've stretched my arms o'er thrones, where once did reign
The plume-crown'd Incas of a southern world;
Sons of the Sun! kings of the vestal fire,
Who realms have lost, and desolation hurled;
In the deep mine I've stood, adoring Thee,
Thinking alone, my God! alone on Thee!

Troy, January, 1838.

MASON.

MY YEARS.

I AM not what I was. I feel these years
 Have done sad office for me; and that time,
 Which I had dreamed might fling around the path
 On which I ventured, something of that light
 Which cheers life like a halo, has but cast
 A sickly shadow o'er my pilgrimage,
 And made thus far what I had deemed should be
 A course for men to point at and admire,
 Only an upward strife of weariness —
 A struggle with dark destiny — a toil
 In which I've given no lesson to the world
 Of that stern toleration which sets crown
 On virtue in her trial; because here
 I've poured my spirit out in dull complaint,
 That should have striven for mastery!

I see
 Through the pale vista of my memory,
 What once I was, compared with what I am.
 I once was buoyant, and my footstep rose
 To something strong within me. I gave voice
 As in uplifting music, to high thoughts
 That spoke of a high nature, that should rise,
 So it were true to Him who fashioned it,
 Onward, in lofty march up to the skies;
 Or, were it faithless, downward to the dust
 Our graves are made of! I was certain, then,
 There was no power could lure my eye from heaven,
 Or that a cloud upon the things of earth
 Could come, than midnight quicker and more deep!
 But I have found my reason was a child
 Without a master — a mere wanderer —
 Untaught and learning nothing — till my days
 Brought something that reproved me as it passed;
 A strong, rebuking spirit, whose dark wings,
 Heavy with sorrow, swept but slowly by,
 And held me in long shadow, like a night!
 Thus was it that I found a punishment
 Brought by my years, for giving to the earth
 What with my young vows should have gone to God!

'Tis not mine to forget. Yet can I not
 Remember what I would, or what were well!
 Mem'ry plays tyrant with me, by a wand
 I cannot master. I may not forget
 My visitations, that have shadowed me
 Like an eclipse; until my tortured heart
 Was weakened like a child's; and like a child's,
 Scarce knew its duty in its feebleness.
 Forgetfulness of sorrow is not mine,
 But on me rests remembrance like a ban;
 Yet like the flash that plays upon the cloud
 In the night season, mem'ry will unveil,
 Though for a moment, some dim passages
 Of my passed, palled existence. I can see,
 As in a dream, how life was when I sprang
 Into its highway for the agony
 And strain of high contention. I can see,
 Beyond a vision's clearness, how I went
 Cheered as the lark is, to the upper sky
 By the unbarring morning; so by shouts
 Of men, as they broke round me, in *my* moment!
 Life was a panorama of high hope —
 A prospect of high travel, and great fame.
 I saw upon the future painted naught
 That looked like frowns upon repelling brows,
 But only hands that seemed to beckon on
 In a still, strange temptation, that my eye

Grew mad with, till the colors of this earth
Took hue like those of heaven ; and I forgot
It was the destiny of one to fade,
And that my love was given to ! But my years
Here, too, brought knowledge ; in that company
Of sadness and repentance, whose dim train
Sweeps on so with experience, that they seem
Like manacled and cowed captives at the car
Of some unmoved and stayless conqueror !

And now how gaze I on that memory
Of that first page I turned for lessons here !
My prayer is to forget that dreamy past—
And senseless to the present, to look on,
And upward, with a better constancy,
And holier aspiration, till rebuke
Is merged in mercy, and I feel the clouds
Are bending to receive me, like great wings,
To waft me to the mighty tabernacle
That they are round about !

New-York, January, 1838.

GRENVILLE MELLER.

A RELIC OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A JOURNAL OF EIGHT YEARS' HARD FIGHTING DURING THE WAR FOR OUR INDEPENDENCE.

BY COLONEL ALLAN M'LANE.

WE have before us, through the courtesy of an obliging friend in the country, an ancient document, which can scarcely fail to interest every true American. It is the original 'Journal of the War for our Independence,' kept by that gallant officer, Major ALLAN M'LANE, father of the Hon. LOUIS M'LANE, late Minister to France. It was presented by the veteran writer to Gov. BLOOMFIELD, of New-Jersey, the chairman and father of the Pension Law of the United States. Attached to the journal, is the following original letter from Gen. WASHINGTON to the Board of War, in relation to the long and honorable service of the writer :

[L. S.] 'MAJOR ALLAN M'LANE, late of the Continental Army under my command, informs me that JOHN PIERCE, Esq., Paymaster General, and Commissioner of the Army Accounts, doth not consider himself authorized, by the Resolution of Congress, and construction of the Honorable Board of War, to adjust his claims to half pay for life, and refers the Major to Lieut. Col. H. LEE, to be provided for, with the other officers of his legion. Major M'Lane has served in the Army of the United States from the commencement of the war. Early in the year 1777, he raised a full company, which was attached to one of the sixteen additional regiments. On his joining the Continental Army, he was selected to command a party of observation ; and on the incorporation of those regiments into other regiments of the several states, he was appointed to the command of Major Lee's partisan infantry, July 13, 1779, and served with great reputation in Lee's legion, till March, 1781. The Major was then transferred to the army under the BARON STEUBEN's command, in Virginia. He commanded a detachment from the Marquis DE LAFAYETTE's infantry, and under the immediate orders of the Board of War, and Commander-in-chief, till after the siege of York ; and he was permitted to retire on half-pay for life, on the 31st day of December, 1781.

Given under my hand and seal, at Rocky Hill,
the 4th day of November, 1783.'

(Signed,)

'GEO. WASHINGTON.'

'TO THE HON. BOARD OF WAR.'

The 'Journal' is written in the old school style of penmanship, round and bold, in occasional antique orthography, and generally in

the second person. It extends through a period of 'eight years' hard fighting,' and illustrates some of the darkest periods in our country's history, in a style of modest and sententious brevity, characteristic of a true hero. But the reader shall judge for himself.

'On the assembling of the first Continental Congress, M'LANE armed at his own expense, and pledged his all in support of his country. In November, 1775, he joined the Minute Men, of Virginia, under Gov. Dunmore, where he fought the enemy till January, 1776. In August of that year, he joined General Washington at New-York; and when the British landed on Long Island, he was with the American infantry as a volunteer, and fought day and night, till after the bloody battle of the 29th of August, at which time he surprised and took, near Yellow Hook, five officers, and fifteen privates, British marines, and the only prisoners taken. He passed them safely over to New-York from Brooklyn, returned to Long Island in the night, joined the Light Infantry on the lines, and remained with Washington's army until they returned to New-York. He fought all this unfortunate campaign on Harlæm Heights, White Plains, and in Jersey, at Trenton and Princeton — found himself. He was soon after elevated to the rank of Captain, by Washington, and raised an hundred men with his own private funds, advancing specie for bounty. He fought hard fights at Short Hill, in Jersey, in June, 1777, and at Gray's Hill, Maryland, where he assisted the American infantry in checking the enemy, who had landed at Turkey Point, in their chase of the militia. Fought another hard battle on the 11th September, near Chadsford, on the Brandywine. Lieut. Houston and nine men fell that day.

'Gen. Washington fell back on Philadelphia, but Congress ordered him to face the enemy again, on the morning of the 16th. M'Lane skirmished with the enemy, on the Lancaster road, while Washington formed for a general action, which a heavy rain only prevented. The Lord's name be praised! — for the army would have been cut to pieces. M'Lane hung upon the enemy's lines, until early in October, when he moved in front of Wayne to the battle of Germantown, having previously reconnoitered the enemy's position. He made the first fire upon them from Mount Airy, and followed the retreating foe as far as the market in Germantown. After this battle, the British army retired to Philadelphia. On the night of the 4th of December, however, they moved out to surprise Washington's camp; but M'Lane, at the head of a party of observation, surprised the enemy at Hunt's Hill, and, by a close fire, harassed them all night, without the loss of one of his men. The next day at noon, he turned the enemy's right, entered Germantown, and cut off the communication between the British army and the town, for that day and night. At day-break, on the following morning, he found the enemy advancing on Washington's left, and joined Gen. Reed, while engaged with a van of the enemy; and when that officer's horse was shot under him, kept the British infantry from bayonetting him, while he had time to escape. He then followed the retreating enemy, by the Old York road, to the Globe Mill, in Front-street, where he forced five hundred of them to throw off the rails from their shoulders, which

they had collected near the Rising Sun Tavern, after burning the adjacent houses.

'In a few days after,' (we continue the Journal,) 'Gen. Washington broke up his encampment at White Marsh, moved across the Schuylkill into the woods at Valley Forge, and there halted. M'Lane was detached into the peninsula, between the Chesapeake and Delaware, at the head of a small party of horse and infantry, furnished by Gen. Smallwood, at Wilmington. He relieved both Washington's and Smallwood's armies, and on his return to his duty on the lines, in February, 1778, he fell in with Commodore Barry, at Port Penn, where he had secured four British transports at the piers. The enemy's fleet attacked Barry, and M'Lane strengthened the position with bundles of hay, from out of the transports, and kept the enemy from landing, till Barry escaped with an armed schooner. He then set fire to the transports, spiked his guns, and moved off with the British prisoners taken by Barry. He then joined Gen. Washington at Valley Forge, was detached immediately to Germantown, and hung upon the enemy's lines near the city, till they reached it. In May, he prevented the British army from destroying Lafayette's infantry at Barren Hill Church, on the Schuylkill road. Gen. Grant had turned the Marquis's left, and got into his rear in the night, and there waited for a long column of advancing Hessians. M'Lane had been joined, in the mean time, by one hundred riflemen, from Morgan's regiment, and forty Indians. He fell in with the Hessians at Van Deren's Mill, six miles from Philadelphia, and there he amused them, till the Marquis escaped Grant's vigilance. On the 18th of June, he entered Philadelphia at day-break, with a small party of horse and infantry; and while the body of the British army were moving through the city to Gloucester Point, he took one captain, four sergeants, two corporals, one provost marshal, and thirty-four privates, without firing one shot.

'Before the enemy evacuated Philadelphia, M'Lane kept an account of fifty fights he had with them on the lines. He had fallen into an ambuscade of British horse and infantry, near the rocks on the Bustleton road; received the fire of the infantry; was driven to the horse; two of the troop dashed at him; he ran them off, and lost sight of the troop; then turned upon the two horsemen, drove the contents of his pistol into one, and wounded the other with the empty stock, and escaped the pursuit of the ambuscade. A painting of this action is in Peale's Museum. At another time, near the Rising Sun Tavern, on the Germantown road, he attacked and beat a patrol of thirteen British horse, with two American dragoons, and wounded one of the enemy. They took the horrors, and galloped off, stating to the commanding officer of the British piquet, that the d——d rebel M'Lane had ambuscaded them, and they cut their way through it, and like to have cut him up! Gen. Arnold entered the city on the 20th. Before Arnold entered the city, William West, Deputy Clothier General, also entered, and under the authority of Gen. Arnold, purchased at his own price all the merchandise he could find, and disposed of the goods for the good of the concern, viz: Arnold, Commandant, James Maise, Clothier General, and William West, the deputy. This speculation tended to raise the

price of goods, and to injure the character of the American officers ; and I believe laid the foundation for Arnold's desertion to the enemy. M'Lane got possession of a copy of the contract entered into by Arnold, Maise, and West, which was in the following words :

' WHEREAS, by the purchasing goods and necessaries for the use of the public, sundry articles not wanted for that purpose may be obtained, it is agreed by the subscribers that all such goods and merchandise, which are or may be bought by the Clothier General, or persons appointed by him, shall be sold for the joint benefit of the subscribers, and be purchased at their risk.

' Witness our hands this 20th day of June, 1778.

(Signed,)

' B. ARNOLD,
' JAMES MAISE,
' WILLIAM WEST, JR.'

' M'Lane crossed the Delaware at Cooper's Ferry in the night ; closed in upon the enemy's line of march, to give protection to deserters, and before the battle of Monmouth, he had passed three hundred Hessian deserters from the British army. He joined Gen. Morgan's corps, and remained with them on the British lines till they embarked at Sandy Hook. In September, he joined Gen. Scott's Light Infantry, on the British lines, near New-York Island. There he commanded a party of Indians and infantry, till the American army re-crossed the North River, and went into winter quarters. In January, 1779, his company was ordered to join Gen. Sullivan's expedition against the Indians, near Wyoming. On this expedition, he lost his Lieut. Jones ; on the 9th June, he was ordered to join Major H. Lee, near the Clove, and to command the infantry on the lines near Stoney Point. He succeeded in his observations ; discovered the weak side of the British works on Stoney Point, by accompanying Mrs. Smith to the garrison on the 12th July, which led to a visit (on the 17th, before day-break, 1779,) from Gen. Wayne. We entered the works sword in hand ; secured all in it ; dismantled it, and retired, in the course of forty-eight hours ! M'Lane was then ordered to Bergen Point, near Powles' Hook, where he was joined by one of his old soldiers, (Caleb Levick,) whom he had lost at the battle of Brandywine. The British had starved Caleb, till he had enlisted with them. This soldier discovered to M'Lane how the garrison at Powles' Hook might be surprised. He proved Levick's information, and communicated with Lee ; formed an expedition against the Hook, and carried it in the night of 18th August, 1779, sword in hand, without any loss ; turned the enemy's guns on the North River, on New-York, and amused ourselves with firing into the town ; then spiked the guns, and moved off with the prisoners, eighteen commissioned officers, and one hundred and eighty non-commissioned officers and privates !

' In September, M'Lane was ordered to the British lines, near Sandy Hook, Monmouth county. In October, he drove the British and refugees out of the pines, on the road leading to the sea shore, where they had taken post to intercept the country people going after salt. M'Lane's party killed this fall the noted Fenton, and the Governor of Jersey presented five hundred dollars for his head, which was hung in chains at the Freehold Cross-Roads. Remained on the lines, near Sandy Hook, till January, 1780, and before the

winter set in, drove the enemy out of the South River. The dragoons went into winter quarters at Burlington; the infantry attacked the garrison at Sandy Hook, took it by surprise, and brought off the prisoners, with a large quantity of continental bills to the amount of one million of dollars, and so well executed, that Mr. Smith, the loan officer at Philadelphia, could not discover the difference between them and the genuine bills. In April, 1780, M'Lane moved from Jersey, at the head of his dismounted troops, to Portsmouth in Virginia, to act on the British lines. In July, he was ordered to return to Jersey. He embarked his sick and baggage on board of a pilot-boat, at his own expense; the Governor of Virginia, (Mr. Jefferson,) refusing to risk any vessel on the bay, the refugees being there in their barges, in considerable force. The infantry able to march, moved by land under the command of Capt. Armstrong. On his passage to the head of the Elk, M'Lane was attacked by Capt. Thompson, in a refugee barge, but beat him, and made him and his crew prisoners. He joined the army in Jersey in August. Very active service till December. Lee, with the assistance of M'Lane, had the legion augmented by a resolution of Congress. Lee, the commanding officer, and M'Lane the next, of course. Lee prevailed on the legislature of Maryland to vote him sixty horses, and named M'Lane to purchase them. This was a trick of Lee's, to get rid of M'Lane, to make room for his friend Peyton. In January, 1781, Lee moved on with the legion to the Carolinas, leaving M'Lane in Philadelphia, purchasing horses, and recruiting the legion. The Pennsylvania and Jersey line mutinied in this month. A critical winter for America! An officer who had a family, was hard run to maintain it. It took a year's pay of a captain to purchase a cow, to give his family milk. In February, Lee organized his legion, and returned M'Lane to the Board of War as a retiring officer, under the resolution of October, 1780. M'Lane addressed Gen. Washington, and complained of Lee's trick. The General was at this time organizing the infantry under Lafayette, to move to Portsmouth, Virginia, to act with the detachment of the French fleet, expected from Rhode-Island, to act against Arnold, and M'Lane was provided for, brevetted a Major, and was ordered to join the Baron Steuben, which he did on the 6th March, in Williamsburg, Virginia. The Marquis's infantry was to follow in craft down the Chesapeake.

On the 9th March, the Baron Steuben detached M'Lane with the charge of the signals at the light-house on Cape James. The British fleet appeared before the French, and a sloop-of-war in disguise, under French colors, stood up the bay, to intercept the Marquis's infantry coming down. Lieut. —, a naval officer of the French fleet, took Capt. Middleton's pilot-boat, and boarded the British fleet for the French, by mistake! Middleton was taken to England a prisoner. He refused to pilot the English fleet. Middleton was a good whig. Major M'Lane pulled ahead of the sloop-of-war, in a barge, and met the fleet in time to apprize them of their danger, for which he received the Marquis's thanks. On the 17th March; he joined Major M'Pherson, on the south side of James River, and acted with the light army under the command of the Marquis, till Arnold left Virginia. Then he was ordered by the Board of War to repair to Gen.

Washington's head-quarters in Jersey; from thence to the South River, near Shrewsbury, with instructions to watch the enemy's movements near Sandy Hook. During this tour of duty, M'Lane crossed in a barge to Long-Island, and there received the signals of the British fleet then assembling at Sandy Hook, to relieve Cornwallis. He returned to Gen. Washington, then on the lines near York, during the siege; and on the arrival of the British fleet off the Chesapeake, M'Lane proceeded to sea, to prove the signals, and reported to Gen. Washington. The General wished the Count De Grace to slip his cables, and pursue the British fleet. The Count excused himself; at the same time, they were five ships of the line inferior to that of De Grace's. M'Lane was disappointed. He expected to see an action between the fleets. After Cornwallis's troops had marched from York, as prisoners, to the interior of Virginia, Col. Laurens proposed to M'Lane to accompany him to South Carolina, to act with a regiment of blacks, which he would engage to raise as soon as he arrived there. M'Lane would have freely accepted the offer; but as the war appeared to be near a close, and his family required his attention, he requested Col. Laurens to mention his situation to Gen. Washington, which he did. The General wished Major M'Lane to attend to the embarkation of the troops, then about to pass up the bay in bay craft, and keep in the rear, in an armed boat, to prevent any of the refugees' boats from intercepting them, which he did. On the arrival of the army at Philadelphia, M'Lane was ordered into Delaware, to reconnoitre the British refugee cruisers as high as Port Penn, who were committing depredations on the shore, as well as in the bay. The Major was in Dover on the 31st January, 1782, when Gen. Dickinson was alarmed at the appearance of the Fox schooner of ten guns from New-York, said to be landing near Little Creek, within ten miles of the state-house. He reconnoitred the enemy, by direction of Gov. Dickinson; found the schooner was ashore, pressed on by the ice; closed on her with his friend Mr. John Vining, a gentleman of great spirit. Vining offered to board the schooner with the Major's flag. The captain, a refugee, immediately on Vining's presenting his flag, consulted his officers, and gave up the vessel a prize to the Major, on condition that the officers and crew should be escorted to New-York as prisoners of war to the army of the United States, and there remain till exchanged. The Major sent off Vining in the night to obtain the Governor's flag, and the militia guard. The Major had, before he closed on the schooner, ordered fires to be kindled in the woods, which had the appearance of an encampment. Vining did not return until the morning of the 1st of February, 1782 — too late! The vessel floated, and the wind favoring her, she was presently in deep water; and the Major had to abandon his prize, and was in danger of being made prisoner himself. He returned to head-quarters, then in Philadelphia. Gen. Washington permitted him to retire on half pay for life, under the resolution of Congress, October 21, 1780.

Col. M'Lane commenced the commission business at Smyrna, (Delaware,) not having a dollar left of his patrimony and fortune. In March, 1783, he had two shallops laden with wheat, on the waters of Duck creek, Capt. Brooks, of the refugee barge 'Hookumsnivy,'

had, on the night of the 15th, taken both vessels, and was towing them down to his rendezvous at Bombay Hook. On the morning of the 17th, before day-break, Col. M'Lane attacked Brooks, at the head of a few of his neighbors and old soldiers, beat him, retook his shallops, and captured Brooks' barge. And thus ended an eight years' war, commenced as a volunteer militia-man, and ended as such.'

D R E A M S .

“To sleep — perchance to dream!” Thus I say, when, forgetting the toil and carking cares of the day, I lay my head upon my pillow, and presently journey free, in the land of visions.’

‘SLEEP, A RHAPSODY.’

I.

THE wandering eye grows still,
Night cometh, welcome guest!
Unconscious all of good or ill,
We calmly sink to rest;
Glad that the weary day is past,
Its pains, its pleasures, gone at last.

II.

Sweet Sleep! no sun-lit hour
Of watching wakefulness
Comes with thy wondrous power
To the heart's loneliness;
For visions rise, oh, blessed things!
Only upon thy raven wings.

III.

Thou bringest days gone by,
Joys passed to come no more,
They come in light and sunshine nigh,
Just as they were of yore;
And sweetly fall upon the ear
The voices we were wont to hear.

IV.

And oft thou lovest, Sleep,
A fairy form to trace;
Through curtain folds there 'll peep
A dear familiar face;
Dear eyes the heart has treasured so,
Look the same love as long ago!

V.

A picture danceth out —
A brightly smiling sky;
So clear! what anxious heart would doubt
The fleecy clouds that lie,
In summer beauty, calmly fair,
And fear there hides a tempest there?

VI.

Who shrinks from sins that creep
To every earthly scheme?
Joy such, that ye may sometimes sleep,
And sinlessly may dream!
O visions pure! come, robed in light,
And visit many a heart to-night!

LITERARY NOTICES.

EMBASSY TO THE EASTERN COURTS OF COCHIN-CHINA, SIAM, AND MUSCAT, in the United States' Sloop-of-war Peacock, DAVID GEISINGER, commander, during the years 1832-3-4. By EDMUND ROBERTS. In one volume. pp. 432. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. ROBERTS has given us, in this work, the result of his observations during a visit to three oriental governments, in the capacity of commercial envoy from the United States. The special object of his mission was to establish such new relations with Cochin-China, Siam, and Muscat, as should place our commerce with those countries on a more equitable footing; and to obtain the repeal of a certain arbitrary law, under which the property and even the lives of our citizens were, in some instances, liable to be sacrificed at the caprice of the native merchant. With the courts of Siam and Muscat, our envoy entered into treaties, the provisions of which were highly favorable to our mercantile intercourse in those quarters. He obtained a reduction of fifteen per cent. on the import and export duties, at Muscat; and at Siam, the abrogation, so far as regarded his countrymen, of a tyrannical decree, which placed the life and estate of the foreign debtor at the absolute disposal of the native claimant. His attempts to negotiate with the court of Cochin-China proved, however, abortive; for, declining to observe the foolish but degrading etiquette prescribed by the ministers of the emperor, he was refused an audience, and ordered to quit the celestial empire.

Our author appears to have been an accurate and minute observer; and he certainly possesses the faculty of recording the facts he collected, and the impressions he received, in a pleasing, though simple, style. There is nothing like effort in his diction; no attempt at 'fine writing,' as it is called. He has given us a vast fund of new and important information, enlivened by a variety of amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the character, manners, and habits of the people he visited; and he has done so in the plain, but by no means coarse language, which is best adapted to such a subject. It is the province of fiction to elaborate and embellish; but simplicity is usually the characteristic of truth; and there is an innate evidence of veracity, as well as careful investigation and research, in the volume before us. The details are, it is true, in some cases somewhat too minute. The descriptions too particular and formal, to suite the taste of the general reader; but this only renders the book more valuable as a guide to those who may hereafter visit the same regions. Mr. Roberts gives us a curious account of a race of barbarians called Semangs, inhabiting a portion of the Malay peninsula, but apparently distinct from the rest of its inhabitants. They reside principally in the interior, and subsist chiefly by hunting. Our author seems to have bestowed much pains in the endeavor to trace their origin, and has quoted specimens of their language, which bears but a slight generic resemblance to the common Malay.

The descriptions given by our author of the manners and customs of the Siamese, are extremely entertaining. The abject and disgusting homage offered to the King

of Siam, who is significantly styled the 'lord of heads and of lives,' must have been highly edifying. We would recommend all luke-warm republicans, all who recognise the 'right divine of kings,' to pay a visit to the Siamese court. Think of a nation of men who are so much in the habit of *crawling*, when in the presence of their superiors, that they pass half their lives in the position of beasts! From this picture of human degradation, we turn with pleasure to the statements of Mr. Roberts, relative to the state of education in China. We had no idea that intellectual cultivation had been carried to such an extent among a people whom we have been accustomed to consider only partially civilized. The internal regulation of their schools and colleges, the high order of learning necessary to obtain literary honors, and the strict examinations to which the students are subjected, might afford a useful lesson to the heads of many of our own public institutions.

We could extend our remarks on this subject, did space permit; but having already exceeded our intended limits, we must bring this review to a close. As affording an amusing picture of oriental manners, combined with much useful and novel information, respecting countries ever jealously guarded from the intrusion of 'strangers, we can heartily recommend this book to our readers.

THE NEW-YORK REVIEW. Number Three. pp. 252. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN. BOSTON: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Number xcvi. pp. 314. BOSTON: OTIS, BROADERS, AND COMPANY. NEW-YORK: G. AND C. CARVILL.

WE have placed these Reviews, as we believe, in the order of their merit. Sectional feeling aside, the first-named work has had, in our judgment, no superior in this country. Liberal in its spirit, decided and explicit in its decisions or opinions, various in its topics, and graceful and attractive, as well as strong and fervent, in its manner, the 'New-York Review' seems to us to combine all the requisite qualifications for a useful and popular work of its class. We regret that we have room for little else than an enumeration of its more prominent articles. The first is an able review of CAREY'S 'Essay on the Rate of Wages,' and collaterally, of an 'Address,' by ELY MOORE, before the New-York 'Trades Union Society'; the second, 'Reproductive Criticism,' is from the text of HEINE'S 'Letters auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany'; the third, 'Origin and Progress of Popular Liberty,' a review of an 'Address, delivered at Hartford, (Conn.,) on the close of the second Century from the first Settlement of the City,' by Dr. HAWES. The 'Literary Remains of COLERIDGE' forms the basis of the next paper, which is followed by a charming review of the 'Remains of that Sweet Singer of the Temple, GEORGE HERBERT.' 'German Biblical Criticism,' and 'ABBE DE LA MENNAIS on the Romish Church,' succeed in order; and these bring us to the gem of the number, a notice of DAVIS' Life of AARON BURR. We are pleased to see our expressed opinions of this work confirmed by so able a pen; and sure we are, that no American can rise from the perusal of this article, and not marvel at the public tolerance, which has favored so much as a difference of opinion in relation to the character of its notorious subject. We give the forcible conclusion of this admirable review:

"We have sketched the leading incidents in the life of Aaron Burr, not surely from any pleasure to be derived from dwelling on a career of profligacy; but as the professor of anatomy, in giving instruction to his class, is sometimes obliged to deal with subjects made offensive by decay; so, in our dissection of the characters of public men, (a duty which, with God's help, shall in these pages ever be honestly and fearlessly performed)

we may be obliged, for the instruction of that large class of our young countrymen, whose improvement we seek, sometimes to come into contact with specimens so disgusting that, if we could, most gladly would we be excused the loathsome office of exhibition. But God bids successive generations to gather wisdom from those that have gone before them: he hath commanded the sons of men to 'mark the perfect man, and behold the upright,' as he cometh to his peaceful and honored end: and he bids them note also the fearful instances by which he sometimes illustrates the truth of his declaration, that 'the name of the wicked shall rot.' We have dwelt upon the life of Aaron Burr, because to our minds, that life presents a most impressive moral lesson. It speaks with emphatic solemnity to our young countrymen, and especially to those among them who are looking forward to public life. The successive steps by which he trod the path to ruin are plain to the reflecting mind. Reputably descended, born of parents whose piety was better honor than a mere patent rank; endowed by his Maker with high gifts, and many a lofty trait of character, which needed but the guidance of virtuous principle to have made him one of God Almighty's noblemen; Aaron Burr, at the early age of eighteen, deliberately cast behind him the teachings of heaven, and surrendered himself to the grossness of a beastly sensuality. At twenty, already an adept in profligacy, his vice lost him the confidence of Washington; and he repaid the loss with embittered hatred. Thrown, in after-life, into competition with one who was the friend of Washington, resentment gave strength to his ambition; and in seeking to rise, he thought as much of the depression of others as he did of the elevation of himself. Political opposition in him was in part, if not entirely, the indulgence of personal hatred; and hence he rushed to the embrace of that democracy which received him with open arms. Blind to the sagacious foresight of one whose political antipathies were distinct from his personal resentments, he toiled successively to elevate to power the man who was destined to repay him with persecution. Circumstances unforeseen threw him into accidental competition with that man, whose policy was the cunning of selfishness, and whose friendship was the treachery of deceit. To have been, however undesignedly, a competitor, was to have been an enemy; and with that man, the ruin of an enemy wore the semblance of virtue. Lending, by the faults of his own character, but too much aid to the machinations of him whom he thus placed in a station which increased his powers of injury, he felt the injury in the destruction of that confidence he once enjoyed with his party. Chagrined by a defeat which attested that want of confidence, in an evil moment for the country and for himself he purposed and accomplished the gratification of his revenge in the murder of one whom he hated none the less because Washington had loved him. Followed by the resentment of an outraged and indignant community, he sought, in his desperation to retrieve his broken fortunes and gratify his indomitable ambition, by plans and purposes which only enabled his most subtle foe to heap upon him an accumulation of disgrace, and subject him to the risk of an ignominious death. An exile from his country, he wandered in poverty a stranger in other lands; and when at last he returned to his own, it was to encounter the harder calamity of being treated as a stranger among his countrymen. With the recklessness produced by a present which had no comfort, and a future which promised no hope, he surrendered himself without shame to the grovelling propensities which had formed his first step on the road to ruin, until at last, overcome by disease, in the decay of a worn-out body and the imbecility of a much-abused mind, he lay a shattered wreck of humanity, just entering upon eternity with not enough of *man* left about him to make a Christian out of. Ruined in fortune and rotten in reputation, thus passed from the busy scene one who might have been a glorious actor in it; and when he was laid in the grave, decency congratulated itself that a nuisance was removed, and good men were glad that God had seen fit to deliver society from the contaminating contact of a festering mass of moral putrefaction."

We honor the enthusiasm of the reviewer of TALFOURD'S *Life and Correspondence of LAMB*, to which work he has done no more than justice. A score or so of brief but well-digested critical notices succeed, upon which we lack leisure and space to comment. Rev. C. S. HENRY will hereafter be assisted, in the editorial management of the Review, by Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKES; and their combined reputation, not less than the examples already given of their abundant ability, is a sufficient guarantee, that the success of their periodical will be ample. Such, at least, is both our hope and expectation.

THE NORTH AMERICAN opens with a rambling and desultory review of the merits of COOPER, in which due credit is awarded to his excellencies, and equally proper condemnation bestowed upon his defects, as a novelist. We join cordially with the reviewer, in the hope that Mr. COOPER will turn again to that department of author-

ship in which he won his earliest and most enduring laurels. He has been losing ground for years. A rich article, imbued with the proper spirit, and refreshing to the scholar, is that on the intellectual character of Cicero; and the selections from the great orator are made with fine taste and discrimination. A review of TALFOURD's *Life and Correspondence of Lamb*, succeeds. The writer manifests an adequate appreciation of the prose writings of this delightful author, but denies that he was a poet. We should be glad to sit down with the reviewer, for one evening, with LAMB's poetical works before us, and by ample quotation, convince him of his error. We look to do him this service yet, malgré his 'severe limitations of poetry,' for one can see that he has sometimes an eye and a mind open to the delicate and the beautiful. 'HOFFMAN's Course of Legal Study,' 'DE QUINCY's Life of Raphael'—the latter of which evinces research, and possesses much interest—and GRUND's work on America, noticed some months since in these pages, are the next articles; and these are succeeded by 'Constitutional Law,' a review of PETERS' Reports, and a very interesting paper from the pen of Gov. EVERETT, upon the 'Discovery of America by the Northmen.' PRESCOTT's 'History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella' constitutes the theme of the next article, which we have not found leisure to read. The remainder of the number is devoted to brief critical notices, and a quarterly list of new publications.

THE ORIENTAL KEY TO THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, as they are Illustrated by the Existing Rites, Usages and Domestic Manners of the different Books and Writers of the Sacred Volume. By M. CORBETT. The Introduction by the Author of the Oriental Annual. Philadelphia: JOSEPH WRETHAM. One vol., 18mo. pp. 336.

THE nature of this little volume, which we would recommend to the notice of our readers, is sufficiently explained in the foregoing title-page. It is executed with much ability. The style is clear, unaffected, and alluring. For the younger class of readers, we know no work of the sort meriting a more cordial recommendation, as a companion and an explainer of the narrations in the Bible, which cannot be understood too early, because they are the only records of events and character upon which we can place implicit reliance; all other history being rendered imperfect by prejudice, misjudgment, and broken perceptions. Miss CORBETT, to whose pen we are indebted for these pages, has distinguished herself in many departments of literature, by publications equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic; but this is the first of her productions to which her name has been affixed, and the first which has appeared since her arrival from England, a few months ago, on a visit to our country. It is preceded by letters of earnest approval from several eminent clergymen, and we trust it will ere long find its way into families and Sunday schools, and every where among the young. That even the mature mind may consult it with pleasure and with advantage, there is not a page of the work but affords good evidence.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MR. COOPER AND THE LONDON QUARTERLY.—What *will* our amiable novelist say, to the reception given his 'England' by the London Quarterly Review? If the mere buz of a musquito has the power to annoy him, what will he think of an 'ambuscade of wasps, more fierce than Pandours?'—for such must be considered the biting things which the reviewer has collected together, to prick and sting him. If he winces at a single shot, how can he endure the 'raking fire of arrowy sleet,' which the Quarterly pours upon his defenceless head? We read on, and on, thinking that perchance the reviewer might cicurate his criticism, toward the last. Not so. But let us essay a sketch of the article in question. 'So ill-written, ill-informed, ill-bred, ill-tempered, and ill-mannered a production, as the one before us,' says the critic, 'it has never been our fortune to meet.' He pronounces it a 'phenomenon of vanity, folly, and falsehood,' and as a literary work, beneath contempt, having 'nothing solid about it but its ignorance, and nothing deep but its malice.' Instead of its present title, the reviewer would substitute, as more appropriate, 'J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire, in England, with Sketches of his Behavior in the Metropolis,' since the entire subject of the book is—*himself*. A contrast is drawn between the two works of Cooper and Slidell, upon England. That of the latter, it is said, was written in good faith, and with good manners; and although severe, its strictures 'may sometimes be read with profit, often with regret, but never with any thing like the mingled disgust and contempt which are excited by the rancorous triviality' of the former. The critic ridicules Mr. Cooper's attempts to make his *personal* distastes *national* grievances, and to enlist his countrymen as parties in imaginary slights and visionary insults, which were incurred by him, not *because*, but *although* he was an American; since, from his own account, he received much attention in his national character, which he forfeited when he became personally known. 'Whatever civilities he receives, he always assumes as paid to his individual merit; but whenever he fancies neglect, he complacently sets down his failure to the score of national prejudices;' and seems to 'think, that because the personal manners of the individual Cooper were disliked, that therefore there must be a settled antipathy to the American nation; a delusion which induces an 'extravagance of vanity, morbid as Bedlam, and impudent as Billingsgate.' The comments upon the circumstance of being seated lower, by a few seats, at a nobleman's table, than he deemed courteous, of being preceded by an 'old lord,' in ascending to a drawing room, and that of being mistaken by a lady for another person, are mentioned as rare examples of ingenuity in turning every thing, even praise, into personal affronts and national insults. Mr. Cooper's fondness for lords, which we cited in a notice of his work, in our October number, is well exposed by the critic. His old hacknied tavern-waiter of a footman was less delighted at seeing the nobleman's card, than his master. 'His imagination, whenever the vision of a lord passes across it, appears to have been in a state of fever between envy and vanity; between the delight of associating with a lord, and the pain of meeting a superior.' 'He cannot so much as mention a lord, (whom he knows by his knock,) without getting into a flutter between awe and envy, that confuses his very senses.' This is attributed to an ever-present remembrance of his early disadvantages, as a common seaman, for

a long period, in the merchant service, and 'a late and scanty acquaintance with polished society.' The frequent errors of the work under review are amusingly set forth. Mr. Cooper says, the reader will remember, that he frequently *breakfasted* with young friends, and 'found three or four horses at the door, with as many grooms, in waiting for the guests, who were on their way to one or the other of the houses.' Now the houses of parliament do not sit until four in the afternoon! 'But what,' adds the reviewer, 'is a paltry matter of fact, in competition with the éclat of 'breakfasting with young friends, members of *one or the other* house?' Apropos of breakfasts, and Mr. Cooper's frequent boasts of being honored by invitations to this meal, at the poet Rogers', the reviewer remarks: 'It is by no means usual to invite strangers to breakfast in London, they being generally given when the guest is one about whose manners, character, or social position, there is *some uncertainty*. A breakfast is a kind of *mezzotermine*, between a mere visit and the more intimate hospitality of a dinner. It is, as it were, a state of probation.' Every word which Mr. Cooper says about heraldry, is pronounced to be either positively untrue, or an egregious blunder; and in relation to the story of the late Charles Matthews' expressed preference of the view from the 'Albany belfry,' over that from Richmond Hill, near London, the critic wonders that so sensitive a person as Mr. Cooper should be so easily duped. 'This we take to have been,' says he, 'a transcendent triumph of the great mimic and mystificator. We think we have heard Matthews tell the story himself, with abundance of glee.' But more serious matters are in store; and the 'author of the Monnikins' may as well be getting his pistols in order, for 'peradventure some pellet may attain unto him, even here.' 'Before we take our leave of Mr. Cooper,' says the reviewer, (after quoting even more against America from his 'autobiography of excoriated vanity' than had been cited against England,) we must observe, that amidst all the trash, which carries on its very face ridicule and refutation, there are two statements of alleged facts, so audaciously false, as to require special notice, and to which it is our bounden duty to make a direct personal appeal to Mr. Cooper, and to invite both the British and American people to expect his answer.' The first of these — namely, that the English government were the secret accomplices of the worst excesses of the French revolution — the reviewer pronounces, 'in letter and spirit, an *infamous falsehood*,' and calls for the proof. The second statement, that Mr. Gifford admitted to an American that articles unfavorable to this country were prepared under the direction of the British government, and inserted in the Quarterly Review, is also denounced to the world as '*a calumnious falsehood*.' 'Coffee and pistols for two?'

Thus much, as a mere skeleton of Mr. LOCKHART's article in the Quarterly. We have room, in addition, but for the expression of a single regret, that a criticism in so many respect justly pungent and deserved, should be marred by a slurring disparagement of Mr. Cooper's merits as a novelist. 'Render unto Cæsar the things which *are* Cæsar's,' should have been in the reviewer's mind, when he penned the evidently interpolated lines of retrospective criticism to which we refer.

THE LATE CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLES. — A friendly subscriber at Manilla, a gentleman of education and fine talents, from whom, on behalf of our readers, we hope and expect hereafter to hear more frequently, writes as follows, in relation to the lamented demise of the late Captain-General of the Philippine Islands: 'DE TORRES was like our Washington; wise in council, brave in arms; mighty in the senate, and mightier in the field. At his death, there was not a dry eye in Manilla. Among his body-guard, were veterans who had followed him through all the South American wars; men who had witnessed, unflinchingly, all the devastations, the horrors, of a campaign; who had rode over fields of the dying and the dead, fetlock-deep in blood, shed by themselves, without feeling even a touch of pity or remorse. Yet when their gallant general died, they could not contain their grief. They wept like

children. I myself was witness to this. The same night, returning home from a visit in the city, I heard the guard behind me, just relieved from their post at the palace, and returning to the cavalry-barrack. As they were passing, I asked the officer, '*Como, esta el General?*' '*Ta murio?*' 'He is dead!' he replied, and burst into tears; and immediately, as if ashamed of his emotion, fell in with the rest, and rode on in silence. Think of that! — and from a soldier, too! — men who never weep. Theirs is 'the silent sorrow of those who know no tears.' Yet 'none are all evil;' and although this man had been reared in a school where he had become familiar with horrors, and learned to look on death as a pastime, the loss of his old and beloved commander called up feelings which had doubtless lain dormant for years; and surely his tears were those of a brave man. Peace to the dead! They do but precede us by a few short years.'

THEORY OF SOUNDS, THUNDER-SHOWERS, AND WESTERLY WINDS. — We give, in the present number, the conclusion of our correspondent's article upon the subjects of looming, electricity, sounds, thunder-showers, and west and north-west winds. In relation to the extended transmission of sound, in the peculiar state of the atmosphere described, we are entirely convinced of the correctness of our contributor's theory. Under circumstances precisely similar to those mentioned in preceding pages, a gentleman of intelligence and observation informs us, he once heard, over Long-Island Sound, where it is ten or eleven miles in width, the sound of human voices, and the fall of 'bars,' which were let down to admit cattle into a pasture-enclosure. A distinguished philosophical writer of this city, now deceased, to whom the 'Theory of Thunder-Showers and of West and North-West Winds' was submitted, in returning the ms., observed: 'The writer is correct in his opinion of the powerful influence of caloric in the atmosphere. The two great foci seem to be the tropical region situated south, and the Atlantic ocean, with its warm gulf-stream, on the east. If the former prevailed, the air would move south in meridional lines, and produce north winds; if the latter obtained, the atmospheric currents would travel east, and occasion west winds. But there is an exertion of *two* forces, which, agreeably to the laws of motion, cause a result in the direction midway between south and east, that is, south-east; which, in proportion to its strength and duration, makes a blast from the north-west.' The descent of cold air from above, the same writer adds, is one of the most frequent occurrences in meteorology. 'What need,' he writes, 'is there of bringing these cool or refrigerating currents horizontally from the arctic regions, when there is a source for every demand, about twelve or fifteen thousand feet above our heads, all the year round?' We again commend these 'Observations' to the attention of our readers.

'YANKEE NOTIONS.' — TIMOTHY TITTERWELL, Esquire, of Merry-go-Nimble Court, Boston, (No. 2, round the corner, next door to the fat man's,) has issued a goodly volume for these high 'pressure' times, entitled as above. We have read it, and laughed over it, with decided *goût*. The preface is an effective '*salsa del libro*,' and at once creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself. The picture of the newly-elected member of the 'General Court' is a rich one. The functionary affects a dignified indifference at the news of his elevation, but is at the same time so elated, that his 'skin does n't seem to fit him.' Feeling the importance of his station, he bethinks him of the adornments of the outer man. He has his old bell-crowned drab hat newly ironed, and countermands his orders for cow-hide boots, because 'kip-skin' would be more genteel; and, imbued with a due sense of his superiority over those country members, who come to the legislature with their pedal extremities encased in the 'town boots,' (provided at the public expense, for the legislative representative, and 'heel-tap-

ped,' every two years, by a vote of the town,) he repairs to the 'General Court,' charged with a speech 'full of Bunker-Hill, and heroes of seventy-six, and dying for liberty.' Ambitious for action, he distinguishes himself at first by seconding all the motions that are made, by both parties, biding his time for his own speech; but for this effort, and the amusing circumstances attending its delivery, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The 'Chapter on Metaphysics' is capital. The abstract and 'inward soul-of-nature' philosophers, of the ultra German and transcendental schools, are depicted to the life. The misty 'Doctor' well replies to 'Uncle Tim's' remark, that 'in common cases, those who utter nonsense are considered blockheads, that 'in metaphysics, the case is different!' 'The Science of Starvation' we commend to every dietetic eremite's perusal. It will go far to counteract the influence of the 'Library of Starvation,' the 'Sawdust Journal,' and other works on short commons. The 'Decline and Fall of Dogtown' may be commended to sanguine speculators, as a beacon above sunken rocks and quicksands. The 'Proceedings of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge' is after the manner of the Report of the 'Mudfog Association,' by Boz, but less humorous and effective. The 'Biography of a Broomstick' was doubtless suggested by the papers under that title, which were published, some time since, in these pages. We must be pardoned for yielding *our* biographer the palm. There are several other 'notions,' in prose and rhyme, which we will not particularize, but close with commending the volume to all who would rather laugh than cry.

FREEDOM OF OPINION AND ACTION.—We have somewhere heard of a connoisseur in the arts saying to a friend, 'I wish you would come down and see a picture I have just purchased. I would like you to give me your *candid* opinion of it. A friend of mine had the impudence to say, this morning, that it was not an original! If there's another man says it is not an original, by Jove! I'll knock him down! But come and see it, and tell me honestly what you think of it.' Here was freedom of opinion; and something akin to the liberty of action said to have been granted by Col. M'LANE, (whose 'Journal' we give elsewhere,) to the troops under his command, before going into winter-quarters, at Valley-Forge. They were suffering for provisions and clothing, and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Col. M'LANE paraded his band of suffering soldiers, and harangued them as follows: 'Fellow-Soldiers! You've served your country faithfully and truly. We've fought hard fights together, ag'inst the enemy. You're in a bad way for comfortable clothes, that's a fact; and it makes me cry, a'most, to see your feet bleeding on the frozen ground. But Congress can't help it, nor I n'ither. Now if any of you want to return home, you may go. Let them that would like to go, step out two paces in front. But the first man that steps out, darn my skin! if I don't shoot him as quick as I would a red-coat!' It is needless to add, that not a solitary 'volunteer' was to be found.

THE WRITINGS OF 'BOZ.'—The last number of the London Quarterly has an extended review of the writings of this modern humorist, which assigns him an elevated position as an author. The reviewer states that his popularity is the most remarkable literary phenomenon of the present times, for it has been fairly earned, without resorting to any trickery to excite public attention. Mr. DICKENS is the grand object of attraction to all the male and female lion-hunters of the metropolis. 'Pickwick chintzes' figure in linen-draper's windows, and 'Weller corduroys' in breeches-makers' advertisements; 'Boz cabs' are seen rattling through the streets, and the author of 'Pelham's' portrait is scraped down, or pasted over, in the omnibuses, to make room for that of the

new favorite. In some observations upon the originality of the 'Pickwick Papers,' the reviewer takes occasion to remark, that the only writer who appears to have exercised any marked influence over his style, is WASHINGTON IRVING, whom he has undoubtedly imitated in parts. 'The Bagman's Story' is pronounced to be a palpable plagiarism from the 'Adventure of my Grandfather;' the description of an English coachman is also very like the picture of the same original, in the 'Sketch-Book;' while 'Wardle's manor-house, with its merry doings at Christmas-time, is neither more nor less than 'Bracebridge Hall' at second hand.' Mr. DICKENS receives just commendation for following nature, and for treating his humble characters as if he were not ashamed of them; and it is mentioned, that a celebrated beauty jocularly proposed a party, to which none were to be admitted who did not consider SAM. WELLER a gentleman! The reviewer expresses fears lest 'Boz' may exhaust his genius by such large drafts upon his intellectual treasury; but admits that in 'Oliver Twist,' his latest and still unfinished series, so far from there being any diminution of talent, it really exceeds, in many respects, the best of his previous efforts.

LITERARY RECORD.

'ADVENT: A MYSTERY.'—Thus is entitled a poem, in the form of a drama, recently published by Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, of this city. It comes to us too late for an extended review; yet we have hastily perused it, and can record a brief sketch of its alleged character. It 'portrays the incidents which attended the coming of the Saviour; the restoration of peace and good will among men; the dispersion and overthrow of the devils, whose power on earth was now ended; the holy converse and bright anticipations of Zacharias and Elizabeth, over the cradle of their infant son; the high themes on which the Magi dwelt, as they journeyed on, guided by the star of Bethlehem; the ancient lays and sacred songs of the shepherds, watching their flocks through the starlit hours; and the chorus of angels who came from their starry mansions to join them in hymning praises.' The author is Mr. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX, a young gentleman scarcely twenty years of age. There is evidence, judging from a cursory perusal, of some imagination; and there are portions of the poem which do not require the apology of youth, and an inexperienced pen; but candor compels us to say, that there are many defects of language and rhythm, and diverse infelicitous terminations.

'How soft the landscape, and how *balm* the breeze,'

is hardly allowable; and

'Queen of fiends, we bow to thee,
By the name of Hecaté,'

is a strained, and withal, as accented, erroneous pronunciation. There are one or two expressions, also, wherein the choice of terms favors *strength*, rather than poetical beauty. The lines descriptive of the cave where Hecate holds her reign, and the dialogues and chorus of the fiend, wherein

'More will quake at that bright face of thine,
Than would an angel at *all hell* let loose.'

may be cited as examples in point. There is something, too, of plain prose, cut into lines of exceedingly blank verse, in the colloquial performances of one or two of the shepherds. One replies, for instance, to another—whom he seems to accuse (very wrongfully, as it seems to us), of attempting a joke, instead of a song, with which he had been 'requested to favor the company'—as follows:

1ST SHEPHERD.	I thought we were to have No more of that. You told us so, at least.
REUEL.	Forgive me! it was meant in harmless jest. I thought some sport would suit you.
A SHEPHERD.	But a song Had suited better.'

This is both feeble and prosaic, to a degree. Not so the dedication to the author's father, which is both filial and beautiful :

‘TO MY FATHER.

‘FATHER, as he of old who reap'd the field,
The first young sheaves to Him did dedicate
Whose bounty gave whate'er the glebe did yield,
Whose smile the pleasant harvest might create —
So I to thee these numbers consecrate,
Thou who didst lead to Silo's pearly spring;
And if of hours well saved from revels late
And youthful riot, I these fruits do bring,
Accept my early vow, nor frown on what I sing.’

The volume is handsomely executed; and its subject constitutes it an appropriate gift for the Christmas Holidays, (which have *passed*, since the above was placed in type.)

THE TOURIST IN EUROPE. — We have examined the mss. of a work under this title, now in the press of MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM, the plan and execution of which combine the useful and entertaining, in a very happy manner. In addition to the memorandum made during a tour of eight months in Great Britain and on the Continent, in 1836, which alone comprise a mass of valuable facts and interesting descriptions, in a style at once spirited and unassuming, this volume will contain a variety of valuable information for Americans going to Europe; such as outlines of the various routes; references to places and things most worthy of notice; hints on time, distances, hotels, conveyances, passports; tables of actual expenses during recent tours in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and Holland; table of coins of those countries, and their relative value; list of travels, ‘guide books;’ and other details, carefully collected from original sources, and personal observation. Thus, while of special value to the tourist, this book will be no less attractive to the general reader.

In connection with the above, the same publishers will also issue in a few weeks a **NEW FRENCH MANUAL**, on a novel and decidedly excellent plan, so arranged that the language and pronunciation may be rapidly acquired, without an instructor. It includes, also, a series of conversational phrases, of every-day life, and dialogues relative to the curiosities of Paris, and other European cities, both amusing and instructive. Altogether, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it far superior to any thing of the kind within our knowledge. It is edited by Mons. A. PESTIAUX, well known as a successful teacher of the French language in this city.

ANGLO-SAXON DICTIONARY. — This valuable work, by Dr. BOSWORTH, of Cambridge, has lately appeared in England, and may be had of the American agents, Messrs. CHARLES LITTLE AND COMPANY, Boston. The work is very full and complete, containing the accentuation; the grammatical inflections; the irregular words referred to their themes; the parallel terms from the other Gothic languages; the meaning of the Anglo-Saxon in English and Latin; and copious English and Latin indexes, serving as a dictionary of English and Anglo-Saxon, as well as Latin and Anglo-Saxon. The whole is clearly and methodically arranged, and preceded by a long preface, containing a sketch of the Teutonic and Scandinavian Language, and a synopsis of Anglo-Saxon Grammar; forming altogether a large and elegant volume, of eight hundred pages. It receives high praise, we are glad to perceive, from Mr. PICKERING, of Boston, the officers of Harvard University, and other eminent literary sources.

‘**CROMWELL.**’ — The author of ‘The Brothers’ has an historical novel in two volumes in the press of the Brothers HARPER, entitled as above. Through the courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to present a scene from the work, much in advance of its publication; and we have little hesitation in saying, that if this spirited sketch be but a fair specimen of the volumes, they will reflect high honor upon their author, as a minute observer, and most graphic describer.

'TALES FROM THE GERMAN.'—If the accomplished translator of these tastefully-executed volumes had selected his stories with less judgment, and clothed them in a less attractive English garb, then might the apology contained in his preface have perhaps been necessary. As it is, we are bound to say that Mr. GREENE has laid the reading public under an obligation to him, which we venture to predict they will repay by a wide perusal of his work, and a proper appreciation of his labors. The tales are 'taken almost at random from the thirteen volumes of VAN DER VELDE's works, of which they are a fair specimen.' 'Arwed Gyllenstierna,' a tale of the early part of the eighteenth century, occupies the first volume; the second contains 'The Lichtensteins,' 'The Sorceress,' and 'The Anabaptist.' BOSTON: AMERICAN STATIONERS' COMPANY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON: By CAROLINE GILMAN, Author of 'Recollections of a New-England Housekeeper.'—We intended to have done justice to this charming volume, but our leisure and space will not permit. We may commend it, however, to our readers, as natural, various, and entertaining, in no common degree; and as better, even, than the 'Recollections of a Housekeeper,' in the same spirit and with the same object as which, it has been penned. Every essential part is founded on events of actual occurrence, and the whole is intended to present, and no one can doubt that it does present, as exact a picture as possible of local habits and manners. Miss SEDGWICK must look to her laurels. She has a counter-part in the field. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. WARD'S ADDRESS.—Although late, and perchance out of season, we are inclined to have our brief 'say' in reference to the Address delivered at the opening of the Stuyvesant Institute, in November last, by SAMUEL WARD, JR. We commend it to the reader, for the merits of a good style and valuable inculcations, and particularly for the course it marks out for the intellectual American merchant. The address deserves notice on another account. It is, without exception, the most beautiful specimen of American printing we have ever seen, and equals, in every respect, the finest English typography. It is from the press of MESSRS. G. F. HOPKINS AND SON.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.—'Shall we send,' (say the editors of the '*New-York Observer*,' a well known religious journal,) to Rome, and bring over the Coliseum for Mr. BUCKINGHAM to lecture in? At his last lecture, Chatham-street Chapel, (the largest public room in the city,) could not contain all who wished to attend.' It were superfluous to add to this substantial testimony in favor of the lecturer's performances. The perusal of his 'Address to the American Public,' attached to this work, will convey to our distant readers some idea of the variety and extent of his intellectual resources; and to this we invite their attention.

PETER PARLEY'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.—This work, on the basis of a geography for the use of families, in two handsome volumes, is one of the clearest, and best arranged, and most admirably written, of any similar volumes which have fallen under our observation. We lack space to go into the detail of their many merits, and must ask the reader to trust our judgment in relation to their contents, since a mere glance through them will confirm the justice of our verdict. They are beautifully printed, and illustrated by numerous good engravings on wood, maps, etc. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE PROFESSIONAL TEACHER.—We have read, with much gratification, an 'Address delivered before the College of Teachers, at Cincinnati, on the Moral Dignity of the Office of the Professional Teacher.' By SAMUEL EELLS. It is sound in its positions, and forcible as well as often eloquent in its style. Like the article 'Pedagogy,' which we published a short time since, it will serve to elevate the office of the teacher, and to inculcate in teachers themselves a larger regard for the important station which they are called to fill.

ROBERT R. RAYMOND, Esq., a young gentleman of fine talents, whose contributions to this Magazine have made him favorably known to our readers, has assumed the associate editorship of the 'Long-Island Star,' a semi-weekly journal of good repute, and honorable longevity.

AN AVANT COURIER.—It is both meet and proper, at this stage of our new volume, that we should render an account of our more prominent 'literary stock,' consigned, and on hand. *Imprimis*, therefore:

'SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.'—A very interesting paper thus entitled, has, by the merest inadvertency, been reserved for a place of honor in our next number. It will be accompanied by an editorial notice, should leisure serve, of some of the recent works of the 'Northern Antiquarian Society,' of Copenhagen. Apropos of this. There is an admirable article upon the 'Discovery of America by the Northmen,' from the pen of Gov. EVERETT, of Massachusetts, in the last number of the 'North American Review,' which we would commend to general perusal. The belief is gaining ground, in intelligent minds, that this continent was discovered by the Northmen, in the tenth century. The subject is therefore pregnant with interest to the American reader.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT.—There are few men living, as our readers are doubtless aware, who have traversed a larger portion of the 'fair and fertile East,' than Mr. BUCKINGHAM. From his intimate acquaintance with oriental countries and subjects, acquired by extensive journeys through, and long residence in, those interesting regions, he is known generally in Europe as the 'Oriental Traveller.' His published works on Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Persia, are among the most frequently quoted by biblical critics, and scriptural commentators, of any that are before the public; and his descriptions of Joppa, Ptolemais, Tyre and Sidon, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Damascus, and Jerusalem, are constantly referred to, in illustration of their scriptural history, and present condition; while his account of the cities beyond Jordan, and of the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, and the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, and the remains of the Tower of Babel, all of which he personally visited, are seen scattered over many volumes of works devoted to scriptural illustration, from the best editions of Calmet and Watson, to the more recent works of Keith on the Prophecies, and the learned Commentaries of Professor Bush, of our University. Mr. BUCKINGHAM has still, however, a large portion of his valuable mss. unpublished; and these contain a rich variety of information on portions of the eastern world less frequently visited, and consequently less familiarly known, than those which are described in the published works referred to. A choice and ample selection from these mss., the literary and classical reader will be gratified to learn, has been secured for insertion, from time to time, in these pages. We have lately occupied some of our space, advantageously and agreeably, we have reason to believe, in describing the remarkable monuments of ancient days in the cities, forts, and sepulchres of the extinct nations of the West. We shall now present a companion to these, in the accounts of ancient monuments of grandeur and utility in the East: and in the present number we commence this series, by the narrative of a journey undertaken by Mr. BUCKINGHAM to traverse the Isthmus of Suez, examine its ancient port at the head of the Red Sea, and investigate the tract lying between that Gulf and the Mediterranean, for the purpose of tracing out the vestiges of the ancient canal, commenced by one of the Pharaohs, completed by Darius, and used for navigable purposes up to the time of the Ptolemies and Cleopatra. Some novel and curious information respecting the primitive and patriarchal manners and customs of the Bedouin Arabs, or Wanderers of the Desert, among whom the writer sojourned, will be interwoven with the narrative, together with descriptions of ancient remains, far in the solitude of the desert, supposed to be antediluvian, and varied and exciting personal adventure, etc. But the articles will speak for themselves, and be read, we cannot doubt, with great interest; not less from the intrinsic value and importance of the facts they contain, than from a knowledge of the ability and interest which characterize the author's oral and written efforts. In relation to the former, it may not be amiss to remark in this place, that we hope our readers, in such sections of the country as Mr. BUCKINGHAM may visit, will avail themselves of the intellectual enjoyment which he rarely fails to afford his auditories.

In addition to a series of 'American Reminiscences,' illustrating novel and stirring events connected with our early history, and struggles for national existence, with 'Ollapodiana,' 'King Christian,' by Prof. LONGFELLOW, 'Our Wedding-Days,' an admirable companion to 'Our Birth-Days,' by our veteran correspondent, Hon. JUDGE MELLEN, of Maine, and a variety of articles in prose and verse, from many of our 'old and established,' as well as several from new, AMERICAN contributors, (the cherished of our hearts,) in addition, we repeat, to these, we shall present in ensuing numbers an original romance, on American ground, from the pen of JOHN GALT, Esq., the amusing bio-

grapher of 'LAWRIE TODD,' of whose high literary reputation no one of our intelligent readers can be ignorant. Each division will possess its own separate interest, independent of what may precede or follow it. Mr. GALT retains a lively recollection of his journey through, and residence in, this country. 'It so happens,' he writes, 'that all I have ever met with in the United States is as agreeable to remember 'as the aroma in the vase where the rose hath been;' and I have long desired to be able to give some proof of the feeling with which I cherish transatlantic recollections. I owe much in gratitude to American kindness; and it will be a gratification to think, that many of my old friends among your readers will occasionally see that I have not forgotten them. When in America, I was sensible of having obtained many new ideas; and perhaps it may now and then be thought, that one who has seen as much of the world as most men, may have seen some things in your 'woody land' not quite in the same light as other travellers from this island.'

And WORDSWORTH, too, reader, will be with you anon. An intimate friend of his (and a kind friend of ours) writes us as follows, under date of December 2d: 'WORDSWORTH begs me to thank you for the volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, and BRYANT's poems, which he greatly admires. His sight is at present very bad, and he cannot write himself; but he says that in a few days Mrs. WORDSWORTH shall copy a few of his best unpublished poems for you.' Moreover, we have a series of delightful Letters from an American gentleman abroad, a graceful writer and ripe scholar, who has eschewed hacknied sights and themes; and — rare tribute from his considerate hand — an original article of poetry, by that variously-gifted and lamented English statesman, GEORGE CANNING. And with this gratifying intelligence, we close our long gossip.

'KNICKERBOCKERIANA.' — The reader is desired to act his own pleasure about perusing the subjoined paragraphs. There's no compulsion:

A DENIAL. — The review of Mr. Brooks' 'Scriptural Anthology,' in our last number, has been attributed, in one or two local sources, to *personal* motives of depreciation, and to a narrow sectional feeling. Both charges, we scarcely need say, are alike unfounded. The work alluded to is susceptible of a far more enlarged exposure than it has yet received at our hands. In regard to the writer, he was wholly unknown to us, save *as* such. Sectional feeling, in literary matters, we utterly disclaim, and appeal to the entire numbers of our work, to disprove the accusation. We aim to recognise and applaud merit, wherever found, whether in the north or the east, the south or the west; and while such will continue to be our course, we shall nevertheless not hesitate to rebuke clamorous mediocrity, whencesoever it may proceed.

'RESUSCITATED JOES, VERSIFIED.' — FOREIGN CREDIT. — Under this head, our droll contemporary of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' publishes 'The Miniature,' which 'William was holding in his hand,' by our friend Col. MORRIS, of the 'Mirror.' We commend our literary explorer to another 'resuscitation,' in the same number which contains this alleged revived 'MILLER.' We mean the poetry entitled 'The Sum of Life,' which appeared, *originally*, in these pages, bearing the caption, 'Why are we Here?' While on the subject of credit, let us add, that the lines beginning, 'Where is the queenly Ship?' now making the newspaper circuit, as from a late London Metropolitan Magazine, were written for these pages, many months since, by an able correspondent in Montreal. We have heretofore cited four or five kindred instances of 'reproductive' circulation. There is great virtue, it should seem, in sea-air and a foreign stamp!

CARE IN COMPOSITION. — 'The pen is an artificial tongue. It speaks to those that are far off, as well as to those that are near; and it speaks to thousands at once.' So says, and most truly, an old English author. We ask our correspondents to bear this in mind, while enclosing us matter for publication; for, if their favors are accepted, they speak through our pages to at least fifty thousand readers per month, of the most discriminating class; and not only to readers at home, but to large numbers in European towns and cities.

LITERARY BONDS. — New subscribers, who express their approbation of such numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER as they have received, sometimes add, 'and if the work *continues* thus, you may count us life-time readers.' Our new friends should remember, that for the fulfilment of our designs, we are already *bound*, in ELEVEN VOLUMES; and we may add, with 'Boz,' that if it will be any additional security to the public, we have no objection to stand bound, as without doubt we shall, in double the number.

. Publishers and Correspondents must bear with us yet a little. We are compelled to omit several notices of new books, the critiques of our theatrical reporters, etc. We hope to bring up arrears in the number for March.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

New-York, October 25, 1837.

MEN, BRETHREN, AND FELLOW-CHRISTIANS :

THE numbers of human beings that every day approach your shores from all parts of the old world, must so familiarize you with the arrival of strangers from every quarter of the globe, as to justify your indifference toward all who do not ask your attention on some special account, since it would be impossible for you to show it to every individual of so countless a multitude, and without some grounds on which to establish exceptions, none could be fairly expected to be made. This consideration, while it will fortify me in the propriety of the step I am taking, will also, I trust, dispose you to lend a favorable attention to a short statement of the circumstances which have driven me to your shores, of the motives which impel me to the course I am pursuing, and of the objects which I hope, under the blessing of Providence, and with your aid and protection, to accomplish.

A train of events, much too numerous to be narrated in detail, occasioned me very early in life to leave my native country, England, and to visit most of the nations of Europe—still more of the interior of Asia—many parts of the continent of Africa—and some portions also of the two Americas. It was after an active life of some twenty years thus devoted, in which it fell to my lot to traverse, I believe, a larger portion of the earth's surface, and to visit a greater number and variety of countries, than almost any man living of my age, that I settled as a resident in the capital of the British possessions in India, where I remained for several years.

During the voyages and travels that I was permitted to make along the shores of the Mediterranean, amidst the Isles of Greece, in Asia Minor, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, and India, I had an opportunity of personally inspecting almost all the remarkable cities and monuments of ancient greatness in the several countries named; including the gigantic pyramids, colossal temples, stately obelisks, majestic statues, and gloomy catacombs and sepulchres, which stud the classic banks of the Nile, from Alexandria and Grand Cairo to the cataracts of Syene; the hoary mountains of Horeb and Sinai, and the Desert of Wandering, across which the children of Israel were led from out of the land of Egypt, to the promised Canaan; the plains of Moab and Ammon, with Mount Pisgah, the valley of Jordan, and the Dead Sea; the ruined cities of Tyre and Sidon; the ports of Joppa, Acre, and Cesarea; the villages of Nazareth and Cana of Galilee; the cities of Sechem, Samaria, and Bethlehem; the mountains of Lebanon, Hermon, Tabor, and Carmel; the Mount of Olives and Mount Zion; the holy city of Jerusalem, with all its sacred localities, from the pools of Siloam and Bethesda, near the brook Kedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, to the more touching and endearing spots of the Garden of Gethsemane, the Rock of Calvary, and the sepulchre in which the body of our Lord was laid.

While these were the objects of my inspection in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, the Scriptural countries of Syria and Mesopotamia were scarcely less prolific in the abundance of the materials which they presented to my view. In the former were the seaports of Berytus, Byblus, Tripolis, and Laodicea, with the great interior cities of Antioch on the verdant banks of the Orontes, Aleppo on the plains, and the enchanting city of Damascus, whose loveliness has been the theme of universal admiration, from the days of Abraham and Eliezer to those of Naaman the Syrian, and the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and from thence to the present hour: while the great Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck, the splendid ruins of Palmyra, the gorgeous monuments of ancient splendor in the Roman settlements of Decapolis, and the still earlier dominions of those who reigned before either Greek or Roman in Bashan and Gilead, and the regions be-

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yond Jordan, added splendor to beauty, and combined all that the traveller or antiquary could desire.

Mesopotamia, including the ancient empires of Chaldea, Assyria, and Babylonia, into which I passed from Palestine, largely rewarded my researches. In the former, the celebrated city of Ur of the Chaldees received me within its gates, and I passed many days in this ancient birth-place and abode of the patriarch Abraham. The extensive ruins of Nineveh, spread in silent desolation along the banks of the Tigris, and the fallen Babylon, stretching its solitary heaps on either side of the great river Euphrates, were also objects of patient and careful examination; as well as the Oriental capital of the Caliphs, Bagdad the renowned; and the remains of the great Tower of Babel, on the plain of Shinar, of which a considerable portion still exists to attest the arrogance and folly of its builders.

Media and Persia came next in the order of my wanderings; and there, also, the ruins of the ancient Ecbatana, the tomb of Cyrus at Pasargada, and the splendid remains of the great temple at Persepolis, gratified in a high degree the monumental and antiquarian taste; while the populous cities of Kermanshah, Ispahan, and Shiraz, with the lovely valleys of Persian landscape, amply fed my love of the beautiful and the picturesque.

In India, as the field was more extended, and the time devoted longer by several years, far more was seen, experienced, and felt. It may suffice, however, to say, that all the outlines of that magnificent 'Empire of the Sun,' from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf on the west, to the Bay of Bengal on the east, were traced by my voyages along its shores; for after navigating, and accurately surveying both the seas named, from Suez to Bab-el-mandeb in the one, and from the mouth of the Euphrates to the port of Muscat in the other, I visited Bombay, and all the ports upon the coast of Malabar; from thence to Colombo and Point de Galle in the Island of Ceylon; afterwards anchored at Madras, and entered the ports of Bimlipatam and Vizagapatam, on the coast of Coromandel and Orissa, in the region of the Idol temple of Juggernaut; and ultimately reached the British capital of India, Calcutta, on the banks of the Ganges.

It may readily be conceived that in so extensive and varied a track as this, the personal adventures I experienced were as varied as they were numerous; and I may assert, with confidence, that while privation and suffering had been endured by me in almost every form — in hunger, thirst, nakedness, imprisonment, shipwreck, battle, and disease — so also, every pomp and pleasure that man could enjoy, from honors bestowed, and hospitalities received, agreeably relieved the tedium of my way; so that although my course was not invariably on a bed of roses, neither was it always across a path of thorns.

Amid all these changes, however, there was one thing which, in me at least, remained happily the same. No length of travel, no amount of suffering, no blandishments of pleasure, no intimidations of tyranny, no debilitation of climate, no variety of institutions, had been sufficient to abate in me, in the slightest degree, that ardor of attachment to Liberty, civil, political, and religious, which God and Nature implanted in my breast from the cradle — which experience fanned into maturity with manhood — and which Providence, I trust, will keep alive in my heart to the latest period of my advancing age. Animated by this love of Liberty, which you, the people of America, as you know how to cherish among yourselves, will not be disposed to condemn in others, I continued, even under the burning clime and despotic rule of an Eastern tyranny, to think, to feel, and to speak, as every Englishman, proud of his country, his ancestors, and his laws, ought to do, so long as he bears that honored name. For thus presuming to carry with me from the land of my fathers that spirit, which made England for so many years the Hope of the world, and which, infused into the early settlers of your own still freer country, and continued in their proud posterity, makes it now the Asylum and the Home of the Oppressed; for this, and for this alone, I was banished by a summary and arbitrary decree, without trial, hearing, or defence; my property destroyed, to the

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extent of not less than two hundred thousand dollars, and the prospective certainty of another two hundred thousand dollars at least cut off, and annihilated at a single blow.

With the details of this atrocity it is not my purpose or intention to trouble you; but while I record the fact, as one which forms an important link in the chain of circumstances that impel me hither, I may add, that the almost universal indignation of the people of England has been expressed against this gross injustice — that a Parliamentary Committee, composed of men of all parties in politics, unanimously pronounced its condemnation — and that the highest authorities among our public men have expressed their abhorrence of the deed; but from the impunity enjoyed by the East India Company in their oppressions abroad, and the impossibility of making them subject to our legal jurisdiction at home, no redress has, to this hour, been obtained, nor, according to all human probability, is any ever likely to be procured.

From the period of my arbitrary and unjust banishment from India, up to the reform of our Parliament in England, I was incessantly and successfully engaged in directing the attention of my countrymen to the evils of the East India Monopoly, and enlisting their interests and their sympathies in demanding its extinction. With this view I was occupied about six years in addressing the British public through the pages of the '*Oriental Herald*,' and four years in a patriotic pilgrimage through England, Scotland, and Ireland, on a crusade against the abominations of the East; in the course of which I traversed all parts of the three divisions of our kingdom, visited almost every town of the least importance in each, and addressed, in public speeches, lectures, and discourses, on this important subject, not less than a million of my assembled countrymen, in audiences varying from five hundred to two thousand each, including persons of all ranks, from the peasant to the peer, of both sexes, of every age, and of every political and religious persuasion.

The result of all this was the kindling a flame throughout the entire nation, which burnt brighter and brighter as the hour of consummation approached, and at length became perfectly irresistible. More than an hundred provincial associations were formed, among which Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow and Birmingham took the lead, to demand the abolition of the East India Company's commercial monopoly, and the amelioration of its civil government; and not less than 100,000*l.* was raised and expended in the legitimate promotion of this object, through public meetings, deputations, and the powerful agency of the press.

The reform of Parliament being accomplished, I was invited, under circumstances of the most flattering nature to myself, but on which I will not dwell, to become the representative of the town of Sheffield, in which, and to which, I was then personally an entire stranger, but its invitation was founded on a knowledge of my public life and labors alone. I was successfully returned to the first reformed Parliament as its member, and had the happiness to advocate, in my place, in the British House of Commons, the views I had maintained in India — for maintaining which, indeed, I was banished from that country — and which I had since, by the exercise of my pen and tongue, for ten years, spread so extensively in England. The triumph of these principles was at length completed by the accomplishment of all my views. The India monopoly was abolished, and free trade to India and China secured. The liberty of the press in India was established, and trial by jury guaranteed. The political as well as the commercial powers of the East India Company were curtailed. The horrid and inhuman practice of burning the widows of India alive on the funeral piles of their husbands was put down by law. The blood-stained revenue derived from the idolatrous worship of Juggernaut was suppressed. The foundation of schools — the promotion of missions — the administration of justice — were all more amply provided for than before — and to me, the sufferings and anxieties of many years of peril and labor combined, were amply rewarded by the legal and constitutional accomplishment of almost every object for which I had contended, and the gratification of almost every wish that I had so long indulged.

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In addition to my ordinary share in the duties of the Senate, I had the happiness to be the favored instrument of first bringing before it the great question of Temperance; and through the investigations of a Committee, I had the satisfaction of presenting to the world such a body of evidence and so demonstrative a Report, as to convince a large portion of the British nation, that it was their solemn duty to God and man, to follow their American brethren in the noble example which they were the first to set in this most important branch of Moral and Social Reform.

Of the remainder of my labors as a member of the British Legislature, it is not necessary that I should speak: but I may perhaps, without presumption, be permitted to add — and there are happily now in the city of New-York some of the most intimate and influential of my constituents among the merchants and manufacturers of Sheffield, who can confirm the statement — that I had the happiness to sit as the representative of that large and opulent town for a period of six years, in the enjoyment of as much of the confidence and approbation of its inhabitants as it was possible for any representative to be honored with; and that in every annual visit made to my constituents, for the purpose of giving them an account of my stewardship in Parliament, and surrendering up my trust to the hands of those who first bestowed it on me, I was uniformly crowned with the testimony of their unanimous approbation, and sent back to the House of Commons as their Representative, with, if possible, still more unlimited confidence than before.

The period came, however, in which it was necessary, for the interests of those who are dear to me by blood and family ties, and for whom it is my duty as it is my happiness to provide, that I should quit my senatorial duties, and after nearly thirty years devoted to the service of the public, at a sacrifice of ease, fortune, leisure, domestic enjoyment, and indeed every thing but honor and character, that I should resign my trust to some more fortunate successor, and devote the few remaining years of health and activity, that might be spared me, before old age should render exertion impracticable, to providing a retreat for the winter of life, and acquiring the means of making that retreat independent as well as honorable. I accordingly announced this intention, and the reasons on which it was grounded, and at the close of the last session of Parliament in July, 1837, I paid a farewell visit to my constituents at Sheffield, where, though all our previous meetings had been cordial, hearty, and affectionate in the extreme, this was more cordial, more affectionate — though tinged with a new element of sorrow and regret — than any that had gone before.

These, then, are the circumstances, and I have narrated them with as much brevity as possible, which have led me to quit the land of my nativity, and go, with my family, to other shores. The motives which have induced me to prefer those of the United States, as the first, at least, to be visited in my course, and the objects which I hope to accomplish among you, still require to be explained.

It is an opinion, not now professed by me for the first time, but long entertained, and frequently avowed, that America is destined, in the course of time, to be the great centre of Freedom, Civilization, and Religion, and thus to be the Regenerator of the World. In the ages that are passed, we have seen the rays of science and the beams of truth first illuminating the countries of the East, and then passing onward, like the light of Heaven itself, progressively toward the West: — Chaldea giving knowledge to Egypt — Egypt to Greece — Greece to Rome — Rome to Iberia, Gaul, and Britain — and these three in succession to their respective settlements in America; — till these last, shaking off their dependance, and rising in the full dignity of their united strength, asserted and secured their freedom, and took their place among the most enlightened and most honored nations of the earth.

From that moment you have gone on, rejoicing like the sun in his course, increasing in population, in commerce, in liberty, in wealth, in intelligence, in happiness, till your people have penetrated the primeval forests, and spread themselves as cultivators of the

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soil from the Atlantic almost to the Pacific, till your ships cover every sea, and till the Message of your President, unfolding the measures of the past, and developing the prospects of the future, is looked for with interest at every court in Europe, and read with eager and intense attention by the humblest lover of freedom in every country in which it is made public.

Commanding, therefore, as you now do, a position the most favorable to national greatness, to useful influence, and to honorable renown; the vast interior of your extensive surface embracing every variety of climate, soil, and production, and your extended sea-coasts furnishing ports of attraction to all the world; with the Atlantic Ocean for your highway to Europe, and the Pacific for your approach to Asia; your mighty rivers, rising cities, populous villages, increasing colleges, temples of public worship, and adult and infant schools; what is wanting, but time, to place you at the head of those nations of the old world, who, less than a century ago, derided your intelligence and your strength, to both of which you have long since compelled them to pay the homage that was justly due?

While others, therefore, visit your shores, charged either with merchandise to sell, or gold and silver to buy, I venture to come among you, freighted with no cargo of goods for your consumption, or with the precious metals for purchase or exchange. In the midst, however, of all the bustle and animation that fills your crowded marts, there will be room, I hope, for one who brings only the knowledge and experience acquired by years of travel in the Scriptural and Classical countries of the East, to communicate to those who may have leisure and disposition to hear, and taste and education to enjoy, whatever can illustrate the history and poetry of early days; and above all, whatever can tend to unfold the beauties, confirm the prophecies, and give strength and force to the sublime and important truths contained in the Sacred Volume of our common faith.

This is the first object which I hope to accomplish by my sojourn among you, and this alone would well justify my visit to your shores. If, at the same time, there be others not incompatible with this prominent one, but auxiliary and subordinate to it, that I may be permitted to pursue — such as a careful and impartial examination of your own resources, institutions, literature, and manners — so that while diffusing information for the gratification of others, I may be adding to my stores of knowledge for my own delight, I doubt not that I shall find among you all the kindness of aid for which you have so long been renowned.

The mode that I have chosen for the communication of the interesting details with which the past history and actual condition of the Scriptural and Classical countries of the East abound, namely, that of oral discourses, or extemporaneous lectures, may appear to some to be less dignified, as it is undoubtedly less usual, than the diffusion of this class of information through printed books. But it may be defended, first, on the ground of its greater practical utility, being at once more attractive and more efficient; and secondly, on the ground of its high antiquity, and of the sacred and classical, as well as noble and historical precedents in its favor.

As to the ground of its attractiveness, it has been found, in Britain at least, that thousands would be induced to assemble to *hear* a traveller personally narrate his adventures, and describe the objects he has seen, where it would have been difficult to get even hundreds to bestow the time and labor of *reading* the same things in printed books; and when I add that in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Hull, Bristol, Bath, and others of our largest and most intellectual cities, audiences increasing from five hundred to two thousand persons have been attracted for six successive nights, without apparent inconvenience or fatigue — the proof of the superior attractiveness of spoken discourses, over printed books, may be considered as complete. Of their superior efficiency there is even still less doubt; for the very fact of so many persons being assembled together at the same time, and hearing the same observations at the same moment, excites an animation, sympathy and enthusiasm, which is contagious in its effects on both speaker and hearers, till their

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feelings flow in one common current; the facts sink deeper into the memory at the time, and the subsequent conversation, criticism, comparison, and reflection, to which this gives rise among those who attend, implant them with a firmness that no amount of mere reading could accomplish.

For precedents or authorities, it is not necessary to go far in search, so profusely do they abound in ancient and in modern annals. In Scriptural ages, the oral mode of communication was almost the only one in use, from the days of Abraham, who, according to the testimony of Josephus, thus taught the Chaldean science of Astronomy to the Egyptians — down to the time of Solomon — who discoursed so eloquently of the productions of Nature in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and from whose lips the profoundest maxims of wisdom were poured into charmed ears — and from thence again to the days of Paul, who stood before Festus, Felix, and Agrippa, at Cesarea; and who, clothed in all the majesty of Truth, addressed assembled thousands at Antioch, at Ephesus, at Athens, at Corinth, and in Rome.

In classical countries the custom was universal, and there are many who conceive, with the great Lord Bacon, that one of the causes of the superior intellect of the Greeks, was the method in use among them of communicating knowledge by oral discourses, rather than by written books, when the pupils or disciples of Socrates, of Plato, and of Epicurus, received their information from these great masters, in the gardens and the porticos of Athens, or when the hearers of Demosthenes, of Eschylus, of Sophocles, or Euripides, hung with rapture on their glowing sentences, as pronounced in the Areopagus — the theatre — the gymnasium — or the grove.

Of classical authorities, the memorable instance of Herodotus will occur to every mind. This venerable Father of History, as he is often called, having been first banished from his native country Halicarnassus, under the tyranny of Lygdamis, travelled, during his exile, through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and to the borders of Media and Persia, in which he was engaged for several years. On his return from his travels he was instrumental in uprooting and destroying the very tyranny under which his banishment took place; but this patriotic deed, instead of gaining for him the esteem and admiration of the populace, who had so largely benefitted by his labors, excited their envy and ill-will; so that he a second time left his native land, and then visited Greece. It was there, at the great festival of the Olympic Games, about five hundred years before the Christian era, being then in the fortieth year of his age, that he stood up among assembled myriads of the most intellectual auditors of the ancient world, to narrate, in oral discourses, drawn from the recollection of his personal travels, the subject matter of his interesting history and description of the Countries of the East; and such was its effect upon the generous hearts and brilliant intellects of his accomplished hearers, that while the celebrated Thucydides, then among them as a boy, shed tears at the recital of the events of the Persian war, and his young bosom was perhaps then first fired with the ambition which made him afterwards one of the most accomplished historians of Greece, the people received Herodotus with such universal applause, that as an honor of the highest kind, the names of the nine Muses were bestowed upon the nine Books or subdivisions of his interesting narrative, which they continue to bear to the present hour in every language into which they have been translated.

Pythagoras, of Samos, is another striking instance of a similar career. Disgusted with the tyranny of Polycrates, he retired from his native island; and having previously travelled extensively in Chaldea and Egypt, and probably in India, he also appeared at the Olympic games of Greece, and travelled through Italy and Magna-Grecia, delivering, in the several towns that he visited, oral discourses on the history, religion, manners, and philosophy of the Countries of the East; and their general effect was not less happy than that produced by the narrations of Herodotus; for it is said that 'these animated harangues were attended with rapid success, and a reformation soon took place in the life and morals of the people.'

I might go on to enlarge the catalogue of precedents, for both ancient and modern

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history is full of them—Marco Polo, Columbus, Camoens, Raleigh, and Bruce (all, too, treated with the deepest injustice by their countrymen) will occur to every one—but it is unnecessary. May I only venture to hope, that as some similarity exists between my own history and sufferings from tyranny and the ingratitude of contemporaries and that which marked the career of those great men whose names I have cited—Herodotus and Pythagoras—as well as in the countries we each traversed, and the mode of diffusing the information thus acquired by oral discourses among the people of other lands—the similarity may be happily continued—if not in the honors to be acquired, at least in the amount of the good to be done; and that in this last respect, the Olympia and Magna Grecia of the East may fairly yield the palm to the more free and more generally intelligent Columbia of the West, is my most earnest hope and desire, my most sincere and fervent prayer.

I will say no more, except to add, that should my humble labors among you be crowned with the success which I venture to anticipate, and should Providence spare me life and health to follow out the plan I have long meditated and designed, it is my intention, after visiting every part of the United States of America, to extend my tour through the British Possessions of Canada, New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the West Indies; to visit from thence the Isthmus of Darien, for the purpose of investigating this barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean; to make an excursion through Mexico, and from thence pass onward by the South Sea Islands to China, visit the Philippines and the Moluccas, go onward to Australia and Van Dieman's Land; continue from thence through the Indian Archipelago, by Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Malacca, to India; traverse the Peninsula of Hindoostan, from the Ganges to the Indus, and return to Europe by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

Throughout the whole of this long and varied route, there are a few prominent and important objects, which, as they have been long favorite subjects of study, and have engaged a large share of my attention in the past, I shall hope to keep steadily in view, and do all within my power to advance in the future. It has long been my conviction, that among the most prolific causes of vice and misery in the world, those of Intemperance, Ignorance, Cruelty, and War, are productive of the greatest evils; and that the best service which man can render to his fellow-beings is therefore to promote, by every means within his reach, the principles and practice of Temperance, Education, Benevolence, and Peace. My belief is, that more of sympathy and cordiality in favor of these great objects will be found in the United States of America, than in any other country on the globe. Already, indeed, has she done more than any other country that can be named for the advancement of Temperance, the spread of Education, the amelioration of the Criminal code, the improvement of prisons and penitentiaries, and the practical illustrations of the blessings of Peace. And placed as she now is, between the two great Seas that divide the old from the new world, and separate the ancient empires of the East from the modern nations of the West,—so that with her face toward the regions of the sun, she can stretch out her right hand to Asia and her left hand to Europe, and cause her moral influence to be felt from Constantinople to Canton—she has the means within her reach, as well as the disposition to use those means, for the still further propagation and promotion of her benevolent designs. It is this which encourages me to believe that my ulterior projects and intentions, which I thus freely avow, will not lessen the cordiality with which the first and more immediate object of my mission to your shores will be received. The land now covered with the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the offspring of those noble and unyielding spirits, who, fleeing to the uncleared wilderness as a refuge from tyranny and persecution, found in its primeval forests the liberty they in vain sought for in their native homes, and whose posterity, while filling these forests with cities, and covering the wilds with civilization and religion, have never forgotten those lessons of Freedom which their ancestors first taught by their practical privations and sufferings, and then sealed and cemented by their blood—such a land is not likely to refuse its shelter to one whose past history may give him some claim

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to the sympathy of its possessors, whose present labors may be productive of intellectual gratification to themselves, and whose future undertakings, if blessed by Divine Providence, may sow the seeds, at least, of benefit to other widely-scattered regions of the earth.

To you, then, the People of America, I frankly submit this appeal: and at your hands I doubt not I shall experience that cordial and friendly reception which may smooth the ruggedness of a Pilgrim's path, and sooth the pillow of an Exile's repose.

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.